



No. 119

Ten Cents

APRIL
1948



ACTION COMICS

This is only a
sample of what
happens when
CLARK KENT
tries to become
SUPERMAN
FOR A DAY



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**WANT
ACTION**

???



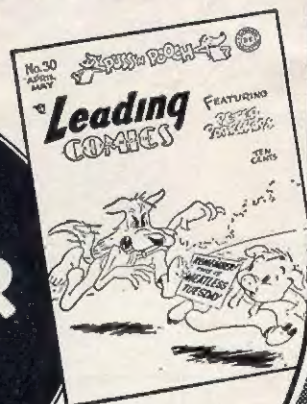
**WANT
MYSTERY**

???



**WANT
HUMOR**

???



**LOOK FOR THIS
SUPERMAN
D-C SYMBOL!**

**IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!**



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Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

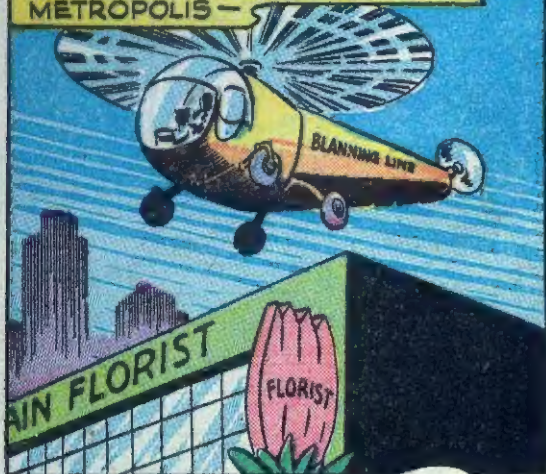


TRY TO LOOK
MORE LIKE
SUPERMAN,
CLARK!

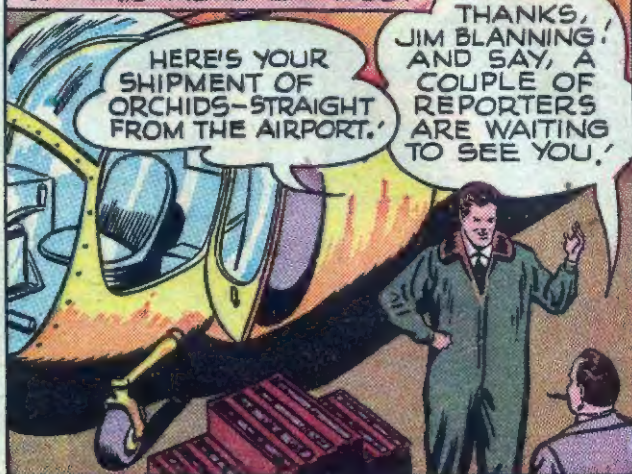
IMPERSONATING ANOTHER PERSON IS RISKY, BUT MUCH MORE RISKY, AND TEN TIMES AS COMPLICATED IS IMPERSONATING ONESELF WHEN THE IMPERSONATOR HAPPENS TO BE CLARK KENT! AND WHOM MUST HE IMPERSONATE? WHY, **SUPERMAN**, OF COURSE! AND THE SUPPOSEDLY TIMID REPORTER, CARRYING OUT A MASQUERADE THAT LOIS LANE DOESN'T DREAM IS REAL, MEETS DANGER AND TROUBLE HEAD ON, IN HIS UNEXPECTED ROLE OF...

SUPERMAN
for a DAY!

A BIG, POWERFUL NEW HELICOPTER DROPS DOWN ONTO A ROOF IN METROPOLIS—



—AND MAKES SWIFT DELIVERY OF A SHIPMENT OF PERISHABLE EXPRESS!



HERE'S YOUR SHIPMENT OF ORCHIDS—STRAIGHT FROM THE AIRPORT.

THANKS, JIM BLANNING! AND SAY, A COUPLE OF REPORTERS ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU!

LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT, OF THE PLANET, LOOKING FOR A STORY?

YES, A STORY ABOUT YOUR NEW HELICOPTER EXPRESS-DELIVERY LINE.



BANNING'S STORY IS A STIRRING TALE OF HANDICAPS OVERCOME!

—SO WE WOUNDED WAR-PILOTS, WHO CAN'T FLY REGULAR COMMERCIAL PLANES, STARTED THIS HELICOPTER DELIVERY LINE. AND IT'S WORKING OUT SWELL!

IT'S A GREAT STORY! GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL!



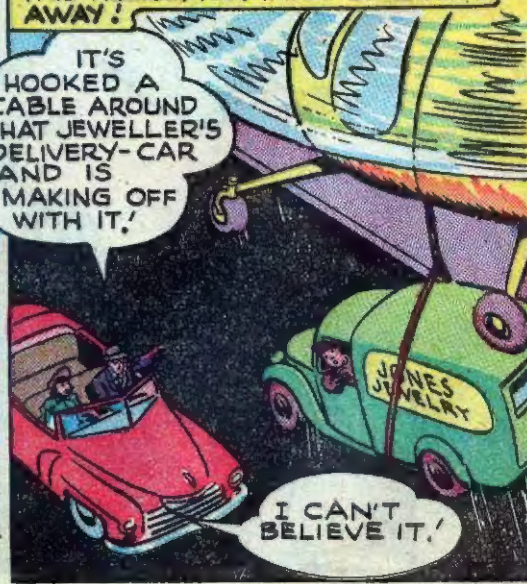
BANNING IS A FINE CHAP. IT'S GOOD TO SEE HIM AND HIS PALS SUCCEEDING!

YES—LOOK, THERE'S ONE OF HIS HELICOPTERS COMING TO MAKE ANOTHER DELIVERY!

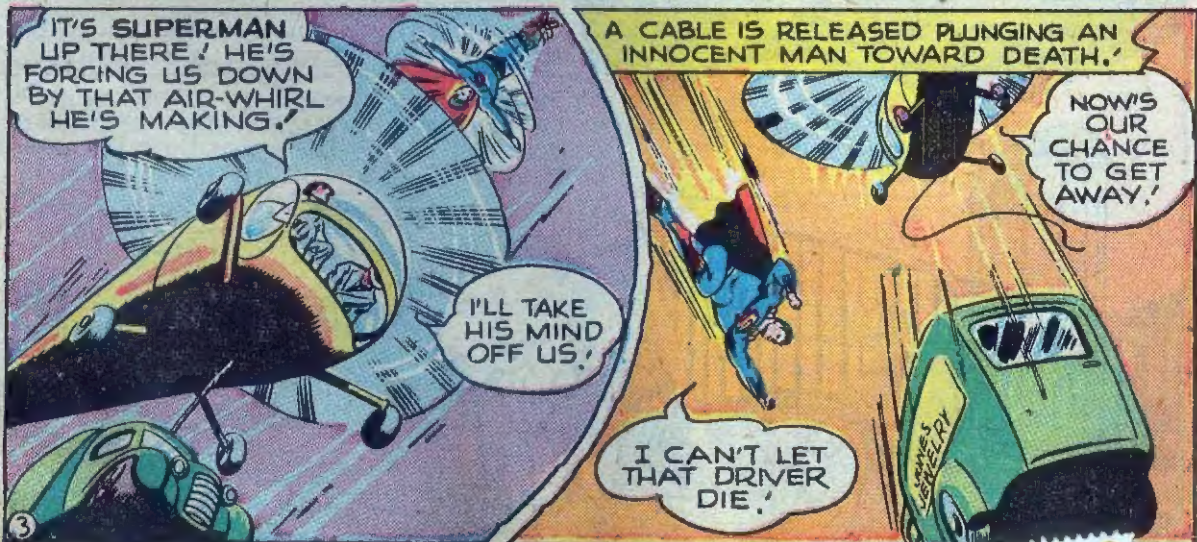
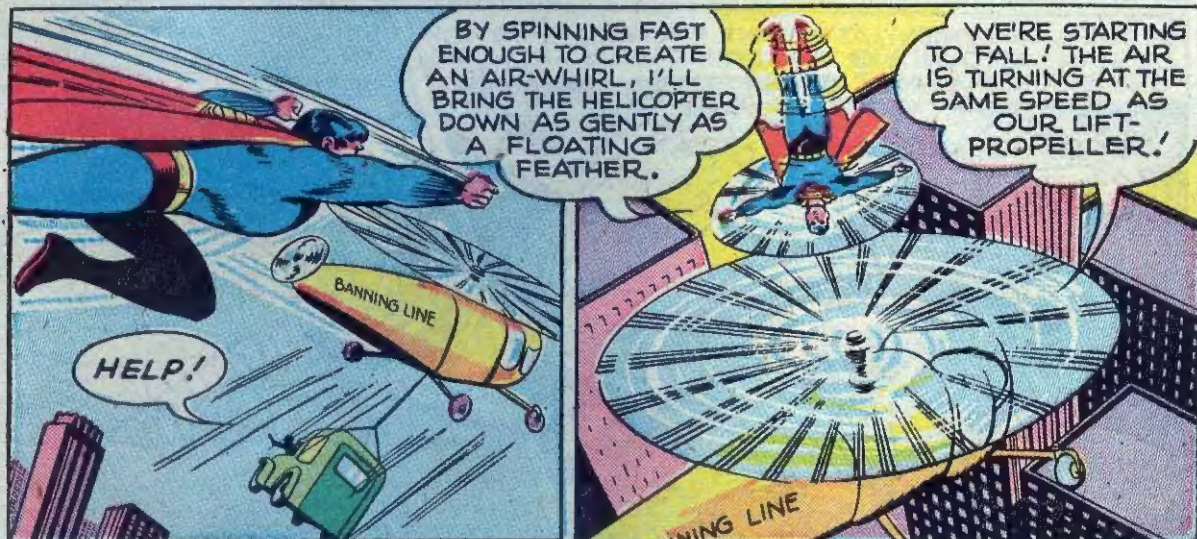


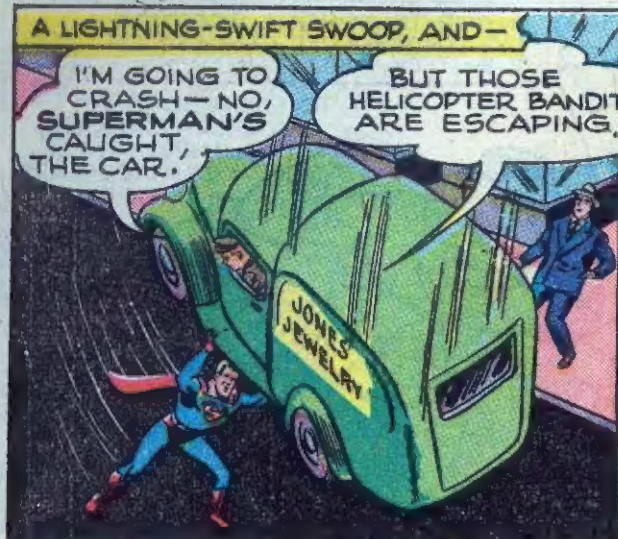
BUT INSTEAD OF MAKING A DELIVERY, THIS HELICOPTER TAKES SOMETHING AWAY!

IT'S HOOKED A CABLE AROUND THAT JEWELLER'S DELIVERY-CAR AND IS MAKING OFF WITH IT!

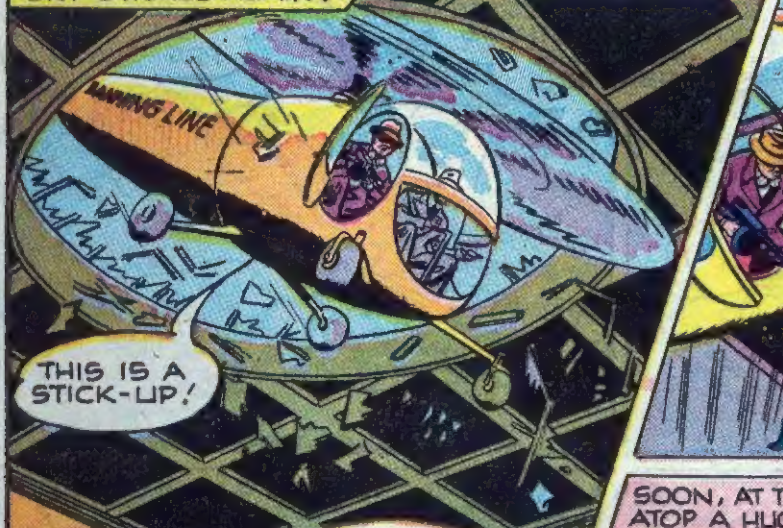


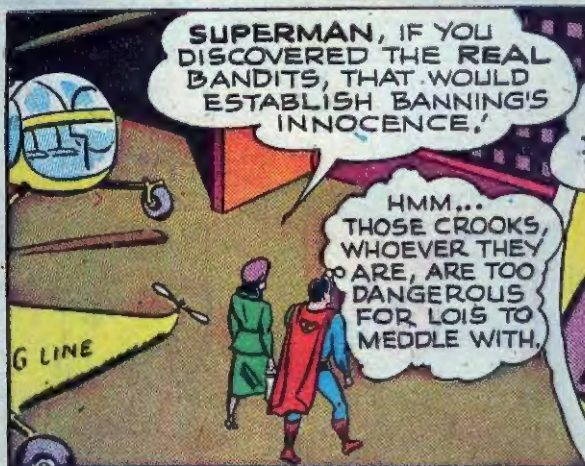
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!





AT THE SAME MOMENT, AT A BANK FAR ACROSS METROPOLIS, THE ASTOUNDING NEW CRIME-WAVE FROM THE SKY STRIKES AGAIN!





IN THE SECLUSION OF A SMALLER OFFICE, CLARK KENT LEARNS THE WORST.

CLARK, YOU ARE GOING TO POSE AS **SUPERMAN** TO LURE THOSE CROOKS INTO A TRAP. I HAD THIS SUIT MADE FOR YOU!

WHAT? ME PRETEND I'M **SUPERMAN**? THAT'S OUT!

I'LL GET SOMEONE ELSE, THEN.

WAIT, LOIS!

I'LL HAVE TO IMPERSONATE MYSELF! BUT HOW CAN I KEEP HER FROM RECOGNIZING ME AS **SUPERMAN** IN THAT SUIT?

AS HE DONS THE SUIT, THE **MAN OF STEEL** USES HIS SUPER-CONTROL OF HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES TO SHRINK THEIR SIZE!

YES, YOU MUST TAKE THOSE GLASSES OFF! WHY, YOU DO LOOK A LOT LIKE **SUPERMAN**, EXCEPT THAT YOUR MUSCLES ARE TOO PUNY TO FILL HIS SUIT!

A MOMENT'S ABSENCE, AND THEN—

I PADDED THE SUIT, LOIS.

WITH MY REAL MUSCLES!

THE PADDING REALLY MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE **SUPERMAN**. NOW LET'S GO!

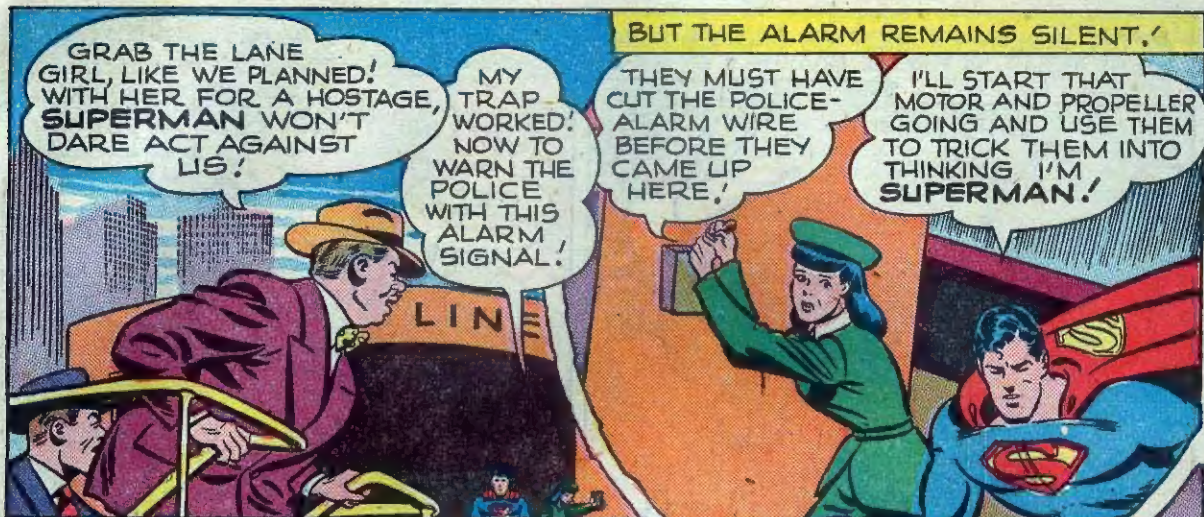
SOON, AT THE ROOF-TOP BANNING LINE HANGAR...

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THE BANDITS WILL COME HERE, LOIS?

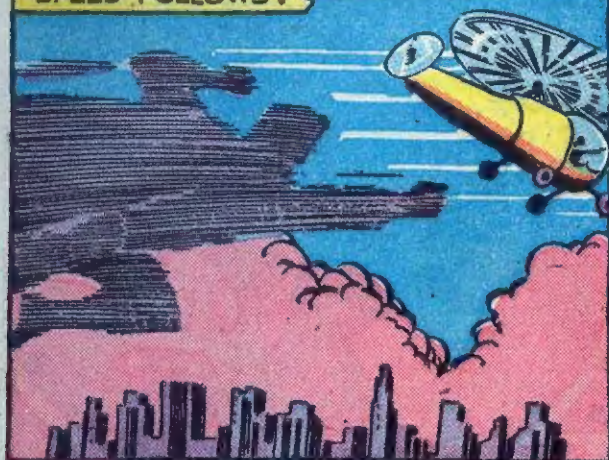
BECAUSE MY NEWS-STORY SAID **SUPERMAN** WOULD INVESTIGATE FURTHER HERE, AND THEY'LL WANT TO GET THE "EVIDENCE" AGAINST THEM WHICH I SAID YOU HAD!

IT'S A SMART TRAP, BUT I HATE BEING BAIT!

BANNING LINE



AS THE STOLEN HELICOPTER DRONES ACROSS METROPOLIS, A FIGURE INVISIBLE BY SUPER-SPEED FOLLOWS!



AND SOON, AT A SECLUDED LITTLE AIRFIELD OUTSIDE THE CITY...



SO THIS IS THE SKY-BANDITS' NEST! AND LOOK AT ALL THOSE BANNING SHIPS! BUT WAIT—!

GET INSIDE!

SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION REVEALS...

THEY'RE MARTIN GREW'S HELICOPTERS—HE SIMPLY PAINTED THE BANNING LINE NAME OVER THEM.



MARTIN GREW! SO YOU'RE BEHIND THESE ROBBERIES.

RIGHT! BOWIE'S MEN USE MY HELICOPTERS, KEEP THEIR LOOT, AND EVENTUALLY I GET BANNING'S FRANCHISE.



GET RID OF THIS GIRL BEFORE YOU START ON YOUR FINAL RAID!

SURE, THIS PRESSURE-TEST CHAMBER WILL FIX HER!



FIRST, BY A SWIFT CLAP OF HIS HANDS, THE MAN OF STEEL PRODUCES A THUNDEROUS DETONATION-SOUND!



THEN HE LIFTS THE HANGAR BODILY FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS.

IT'S SUPERMAN! QUICK, GET OUT OF HERE IN THE HELICOPTERS.

CLARK, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HANGAR? I HEARD AN EXPLOSION, BUT—

I TRAILED THOSE BANDITS HERE AND USED AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE TO BLOW THE HANGAR OFF ITS FOUNDATION! IT MADE THEM THINK I WAS REALLY SUPERMAN!

IT WAS CLEVER OF YOU, CLARK, BUT THEY'VE GONE NOW TO STAGE ANOTHER RAID—ONE THAT'LL RUIN BANNING COMPLETELY!

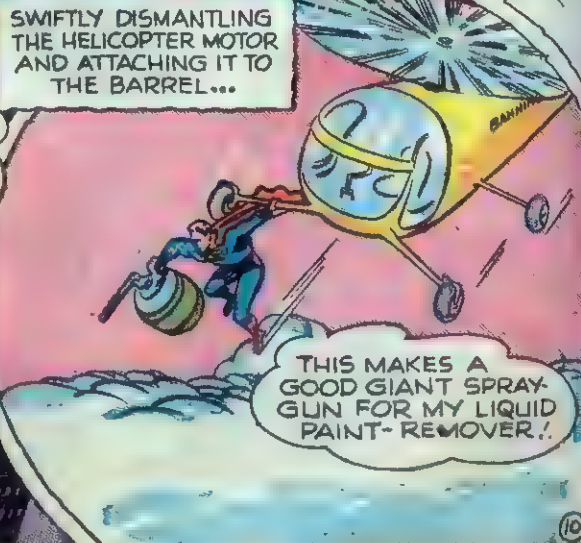
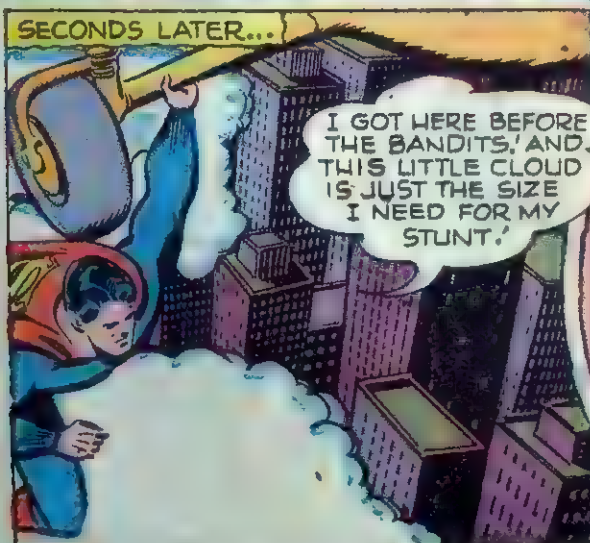
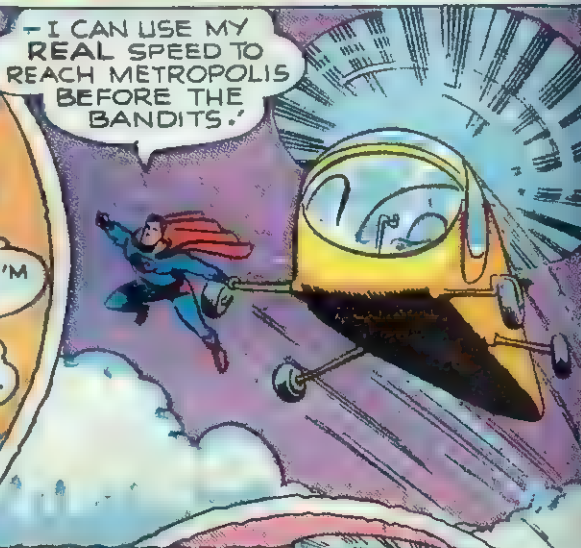
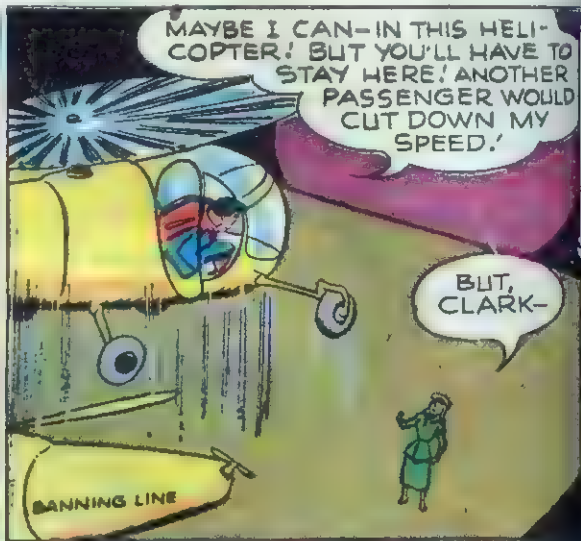
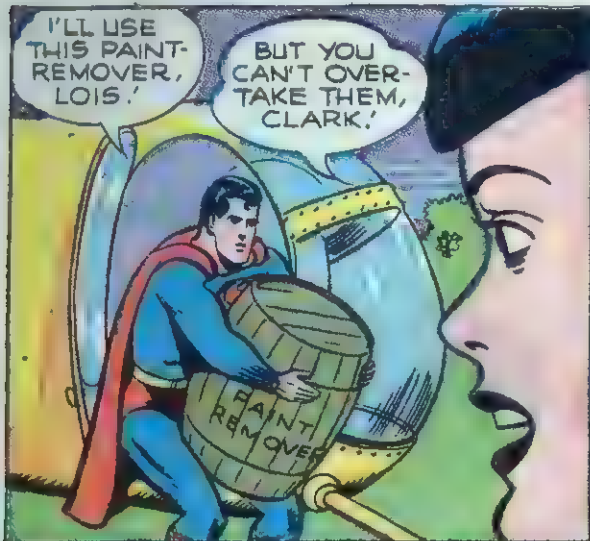
HMM... THAT AIRPLANE-DETECTING LISTENING-HORN MIGHT ENABLE ME TO WARN BANNING.

SURREPTITIOUSLY REMOVING THE MECHANISM, SUPERMAN USES THE GIANT MEGAPHONE FOR HIS OWN VOICE.

I REVERSED THE SOUND-DETECTOR WIRING TO MAKE A GIANT LOUD-SPEAKER OF IT! THE SOUND-BEAM WAS SO CONCENTRATED, THE RAIDERS HIGH ABOVE WOULDN'T HEAR.

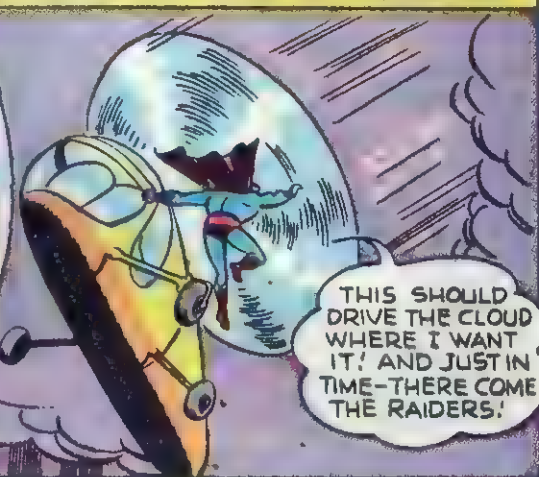
BANNING, RAIDERS ARE COMING AGAIN! TAKE THE AIR AND BE READY FOR THEM!

YOU ARE RESOURCEFUL, CLARK! BUT HOW WILL BANNING'S PALS RECOGNIZE THE DISGUISED RAIDERS?

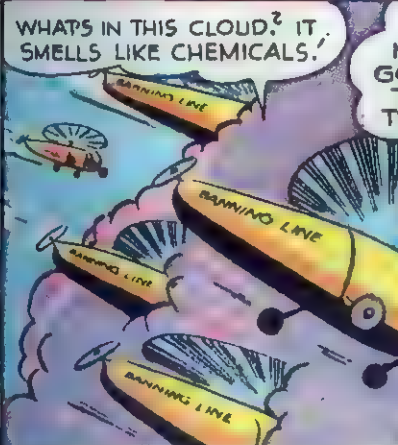




THEN, SPINNING THE HELICOPTER PROPELLER WITH SUPER-SPEED AS A HUGE FAN—

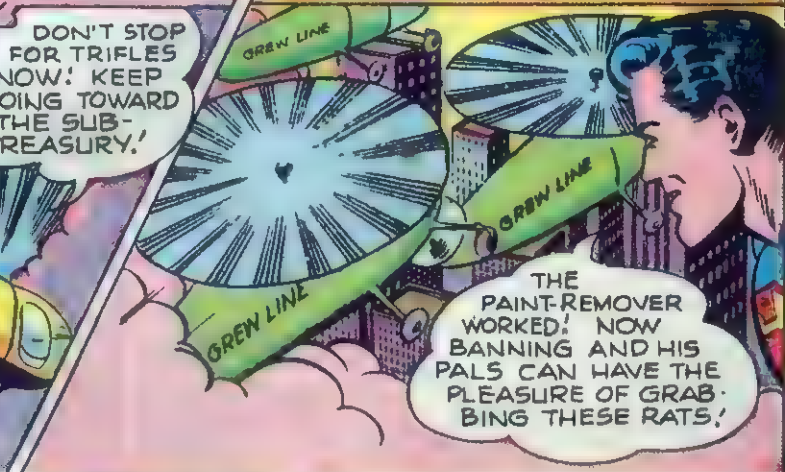


GREW'S SKY-BANDITS UNSUSPECTINGLY FLY THROUGH THE CLOUD THAT "HAPPENS" TO DRIFT IN FRONT OF THEM.



DON'T STOP FOR TRIFLES NOW! KEEP GOING TOWARD THE SUB-TREASURY!

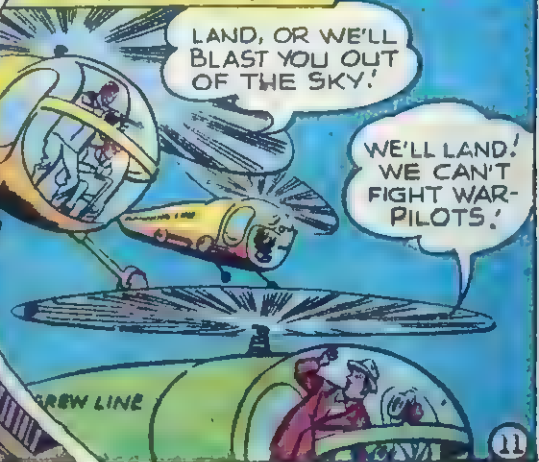
BUT AS THE RAIDERS EMERGE FROM THE CLOUD, THEY ARE ODDLY CHANGED!



ABOVE METROPOLIS, EX-WAR PILOTS AT LAST SEE THEIR ENEMIES!



DAREDEVIL EX-ACES SWOOP FOR VENGEANCE UPON SCARED HOOD-LUMS OF THE SKY!



BUT AS PANICKY SKY-BANDITS SURRENDER,
THEIR LEADER —

GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE TO
GRAB THEM ALL OPENLY,
BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE
HARD TO EXPLAIN TO LOIS!
—BUT THAT'S GREW
TRYING TO ESCAPE!

MAYBE A
LITTLE
ARTIFICIALLY-
INDUCED
THUNDER-
STORM WILL
FRIGHTEN
GREW BACK!

AS THE TWO CLOUDS COME CLOSE, LIGHTNING
FLARES AND THUNDER ROCKS THE SKY!

HE'S TRYING ANOTHER
DIRECTION! BUT I'LL HAVE
ANOTHER LITTLE THUNDER-
STORM WAITING FOR
HIM!

SHEPHERDED BY STORMS, A CROOK'S
NERVE CRACKS!

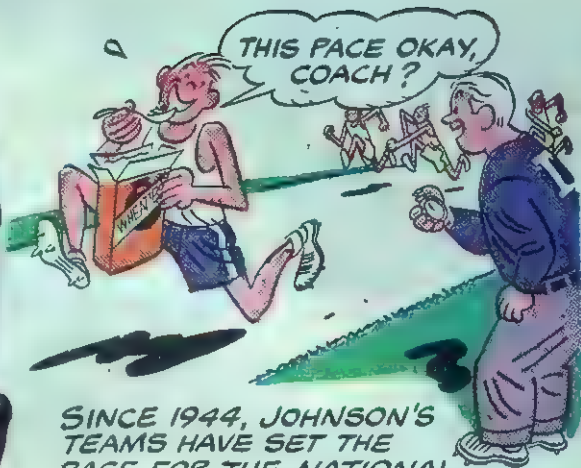
I SURRENDER!
THOSE CLOUDS
AND STORMS SEEM
TO BE FOLLOWING
ME!

LATER...

I DID MANAGE TO
OVERTAKE THEM, AND
USED A PAINT-REMOVER
SPRAY TO EXPOSE THEM.
BANNING'S BOYS
DID THE REST.

BUT OF COURSE,
THE REAL
SUPERMAN WOULDN'T
NEED TO USE TRICKS!

THAT SETTLES IT!
I'LL NEVER IMPERSONATE
THAT FELLOW
SUPERMAN FOR
YOU AGAIN!

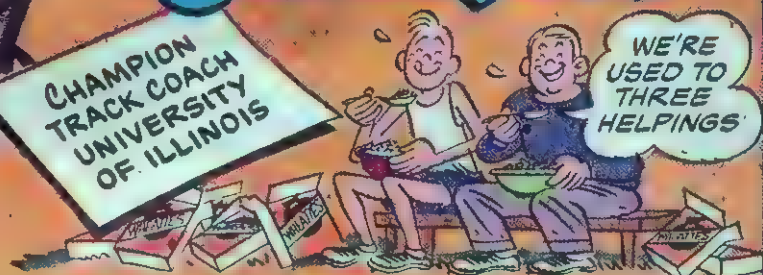


SINCE 1944, JOHNSON'S TEAMS HAVE SET THE PACE FOR THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS. THE ILLINI CLAIMED TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944, 1946, AND 1947 -- THEY PLACED A CLOSE SECOND IN 1945

Leo **JOHNSON**

CHAMPION
TRACK COACH
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

A POPULAR TRAINING DISH WITH ME -- AND WITH A LOT OF MY TRACK STARS -- IS WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH MILK AND FRUIT. WHEATIES ARE SWELL FOR BOTH FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT," SAYS LEO JOHNSON. "I RECOMMEND THEM TO ANY BOY OR GIRL WHO WANTS TO BUILD A STRONG, HEALTHY BODY"

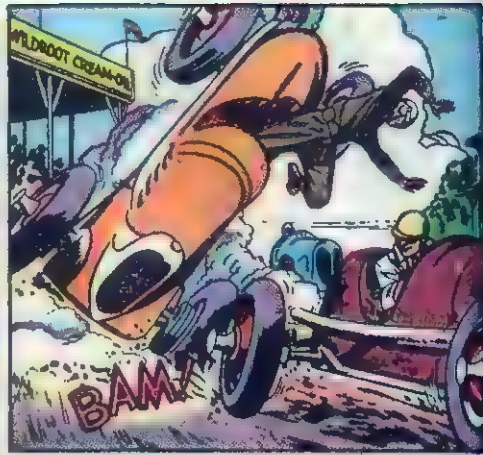


JOHNSON COACHED HIS TEAM TO A TRIPLE CHAMPIONSHIP IN BOTH 1946 AND 1947. ILLINOIS ANNEXED (1) BIG NINE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (2) BIG NINE OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (3) NATIONAL COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP

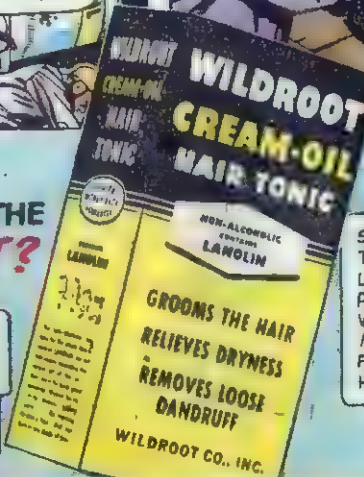


WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

DEATH ON
THE SPEEDWAYDASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. eve. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station See radio listing in your local newspaperHERE
THEY COME,
EFFIE!ISN'T IT
EXCITING!OH! WHAT A
TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!SWEETHEART! THESE
HIGH-POWERED GLASSES
TELL ME THAT WAS NO
ACCIDENT! COME ON!THERE'S THE CAR THAT
WON, EFFIE! THEY'RE
PUTTING IT ON THAT
TRUCK—HURRY!LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE
ANXIOUS
TO GET
AWAY!SAM TRIES TO LOOK AT THE RACING CAR...
AND...HELP,
POLICE!For handsome hair get
a bottle or tube of
Wildroot Cream-Oil
today! Ask your barber
for a professional
applicationQUICK, SAM! USE THIS
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL,
SO THEY WON'T THINK
YOU'RE A THUG TOO!CHIEF! THIS HUB CAP'S
BEEN FILED SHARP AS A
RAZOR TO CUT THE TIRE
OF ANY CAR TRYING
TO PASS!SMART WORK, SAM!
BUT TELL ME—HOW
CAN YOU LOOK SO
GOOD AFTER BEATING
UP THESE GUYS!THAT'S WHAT A
LITTLE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL DOES
FOR A GUY,
CHIEF!

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS
AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU
NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC—
CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN.

EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL,
TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RE-
LIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN
PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL! AND
MOTHERS FIND IT'S WONDERFUL
FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S
HAIR.

CONGO BILL

RICH HORDES OF GOLD AND PRICELESS JEWELS LOOTED FROM DOOMED SHIPS BY RUTHLESS PIRATES AND HIDDEN AWAY IN LONG FORGOTTEN CACHES! WHOSE BLOOD DOES NOT STIR AT THE PROSPECT OF UNEARTH-ING SUCH WEALTH? BUT TREASURE AND PERIL RUN HAND IN HAND—AS CONGO BILL AND HIS SHIPMATES SOON LEARN WHEN THEY EMBARK ON A QUEST FOR...

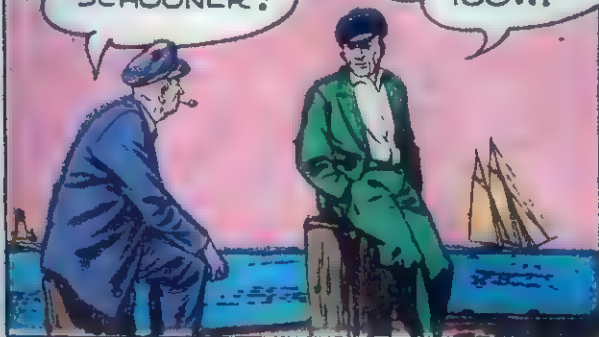
“Treasure Trove!”



BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA AND A NEW OWNER, THE OCEAN SPRITE CLEARS HARBOR...

TOO BAD GREG WHITNEY HAD TO SELL THE SPRITE. HE SURE LOVES THAT SCHOONER!

BAD LUCK'S BEEN CAMPIN' ON HIS TRAIL... NICE FELLER, TOO...



TWO WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS THE EQUATOR, GREG. NOW IT'S STRAIGHT AWAY FOR RIO!

THEN GOODBYE TO THE SPRITE... I'M LOSING A FRIEND AT THE END OF THIS TRIP, CONGO BILL!



MEANWHILE, ON A TINY ISLAND OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST...

THROW THE BOTTLES FAR OUT SO THE CURRENT WILL GET THEM!

HO-HO, COUNT—THIS IS A NEW WAY WE FISH!

NOW WE WAIT FOR ONE TO SNAG US A SAP! A BIG SHIP MAY NOT CHANGE COURSE, BUT A LITTLE ONE WILL—AND A LITTLE BOAT, IS WHAT WE NEED!



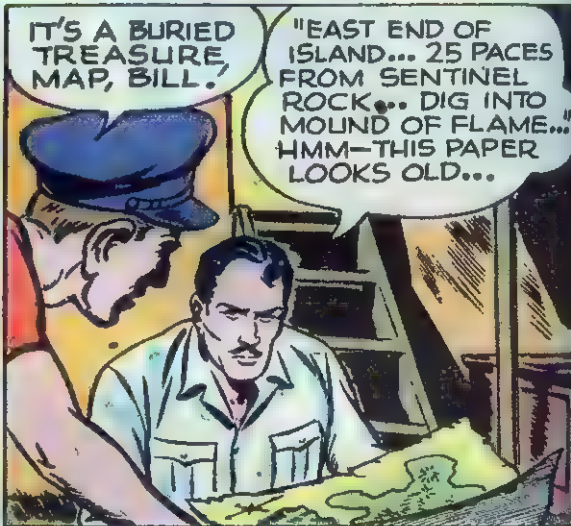
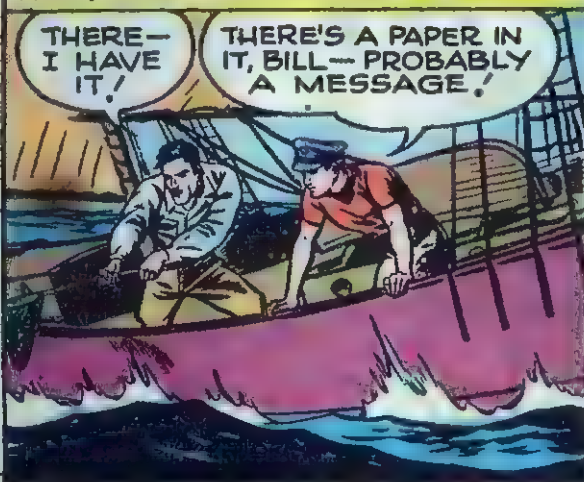
NOW, ABOARD THE *OCEAN SPRITE*...

THERE—I HAVE IT!

THERE'S A PAPER IN IT, BILL—PROBABLY A MESSAGE!

IT'S A BURIED TREASURE MAP, BILL!

"EAST END OF ISLAND... 25 PACES FROM SENTINEL ROCK... DIG INTO MOUND OF FLAME... HMM—THIS PAPER LOOKS OLD..."

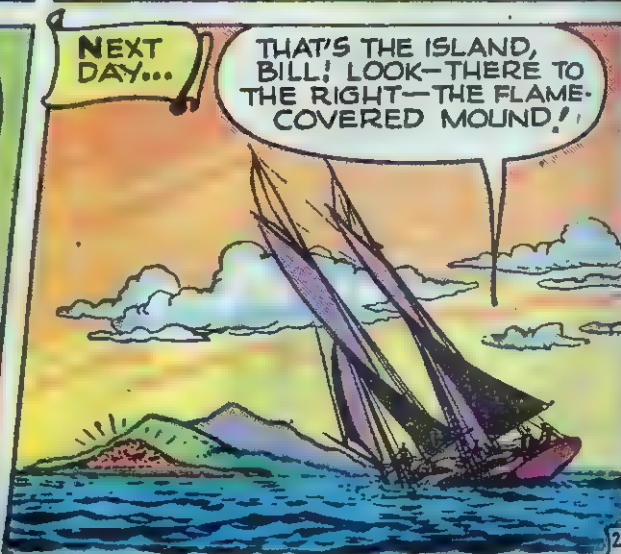


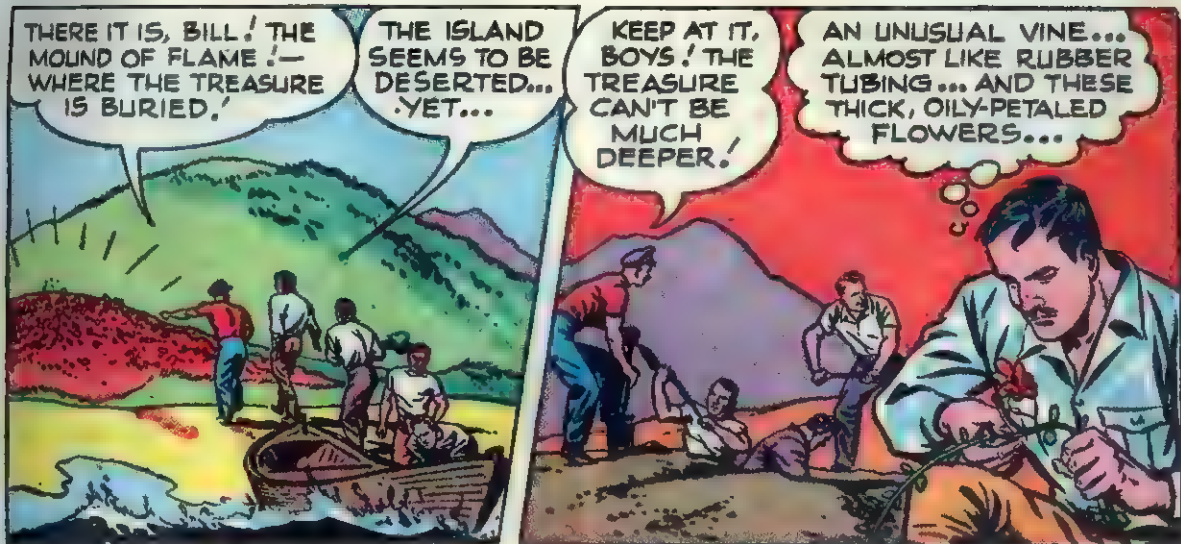
THE ISLAND IS ONLY A SHORT PIECE OFF OUR COURSE...

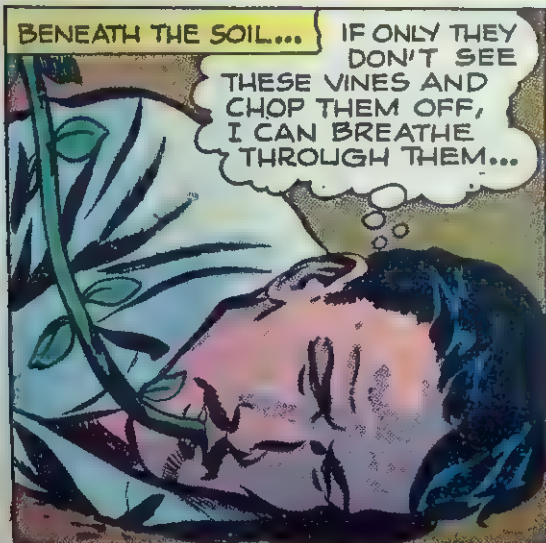
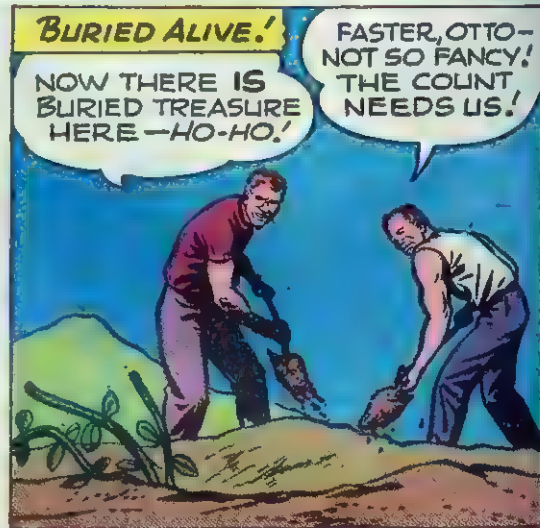
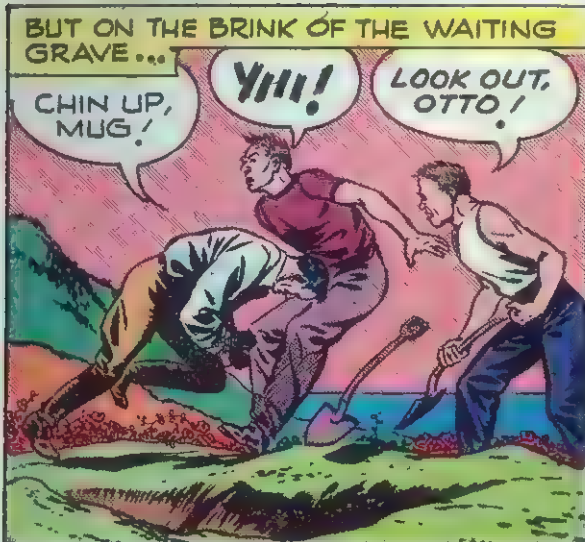
THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE! IF WE FIND A TREASURE, I CAN KEEP THE SCHOONER! CHANGE THE COURSE...

NEXT DAY...

THAT'S THE ISLAND, BILL! LOOK—THERE TO THE RIGHT—THE FLAME-COVERED MOUND!

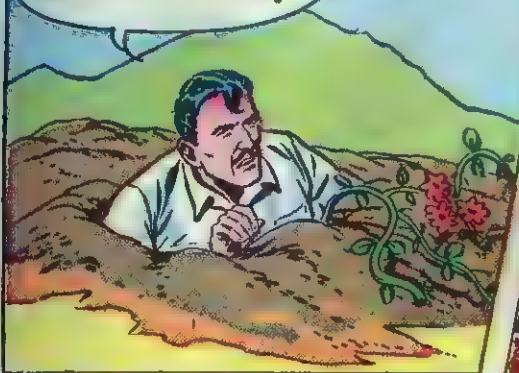






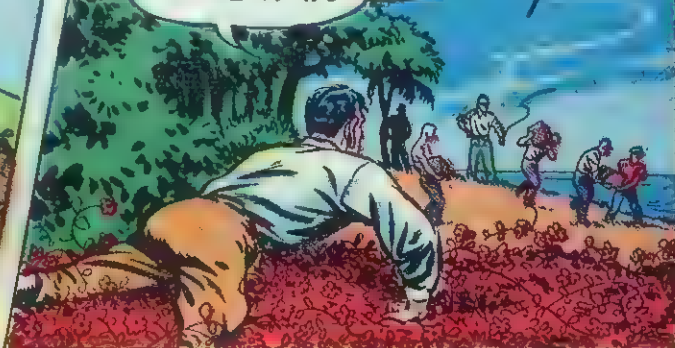
AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY...

AIR AT LAST! BUT I'M AS WEAK AS A KITTEN—AND THERE CAN'T BE MUCH TIME!



THEY'LL LOAD THE TREASURE. THEN THE SCHOONER WILL SAIL AWAY AND LEAVE ME MAROONED HERE... I MUST STOP THEM—SOME WAY!

FASTER, YOU LAZY DOGS! FASTER!



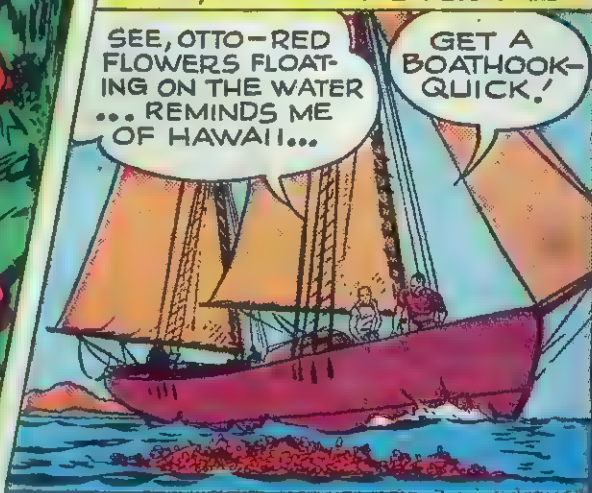
A GERMAN PLANE—WRECKED OFF SOUTH AMERICA... NOW I REMEMBER! COUNT NARSKI, THE MISSING NAZI AGENT! HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!



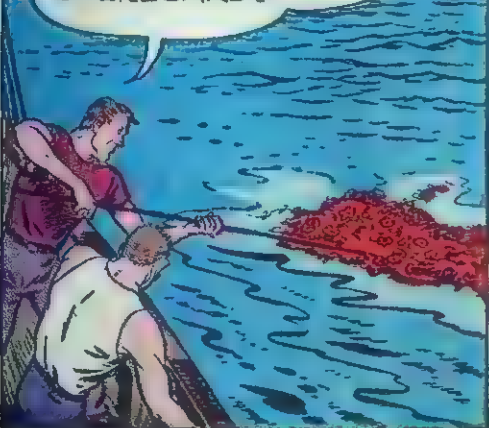
LATER, AS THE *SPRITE* SETS SAIL...

SEE, OTTO—RED FLOWERS FLOATING ON THE WATER... REMINDS ME OF HAWAII...

GET A BOATHOOK—QUICK!



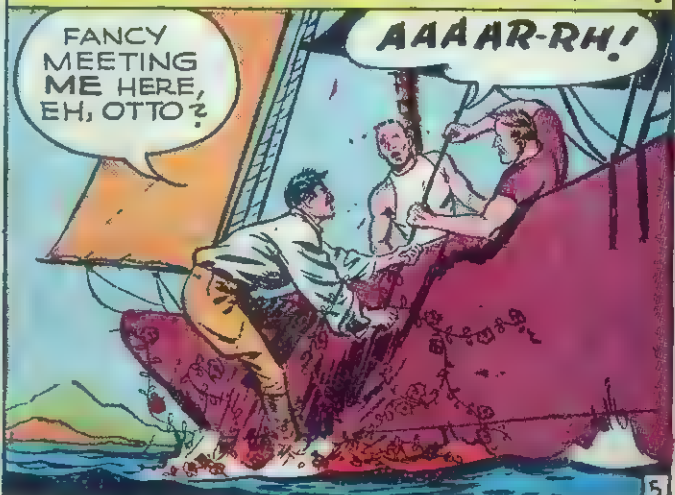
WE'LL USE THE FLOWERS TO PIN ON THE SAPS WHEN WE DROP THEM OVERBOARD!

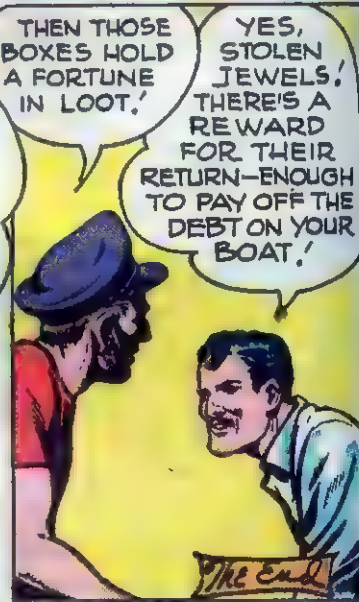
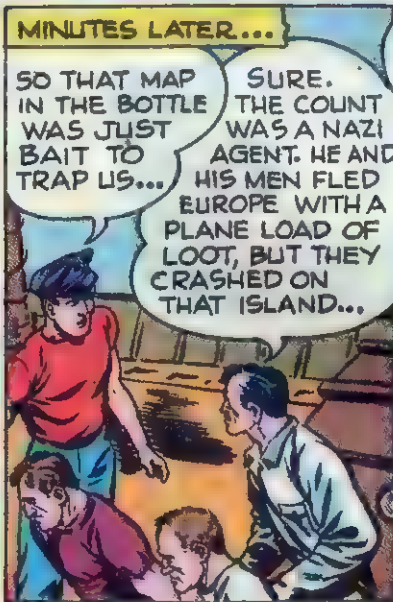
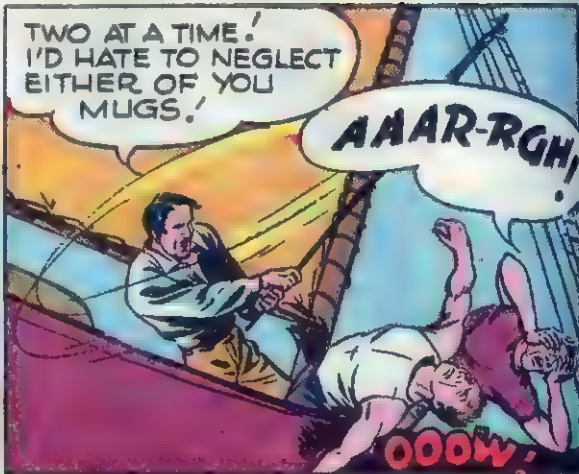
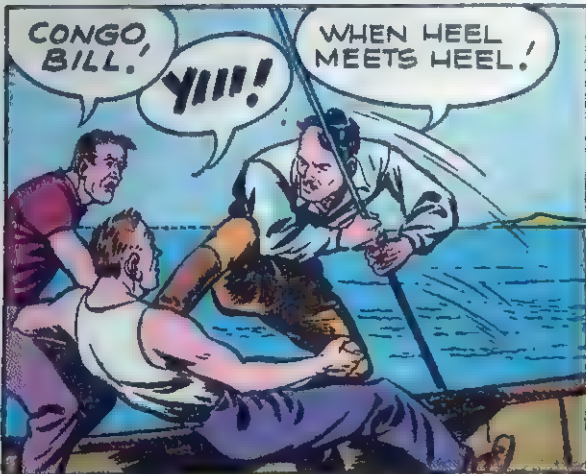


BUT THE VINES HOLD A SURPRISE FOR OTTO!

FANCY MEETING ME HERE, EH, OTTO?

AAAAH-RH!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

WKL V PDJDCLQH
DSSH DUV LQ WKH
PRQWK RI WZR JUH-
DW ELUWKGDBV—
ZDV KLOQJWRQ'V DQG
OLQFROQ'V.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

APRIL

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

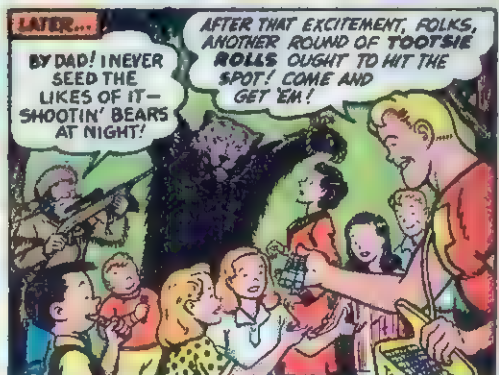
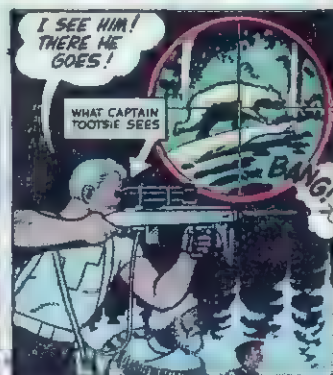
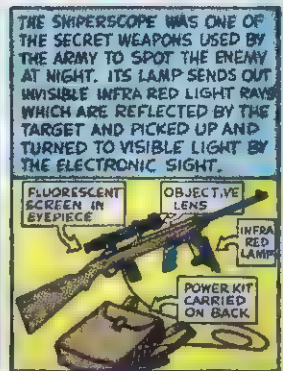
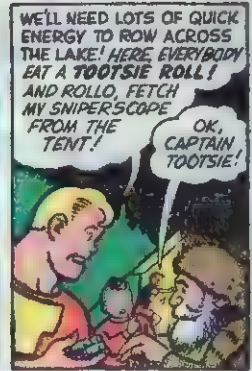
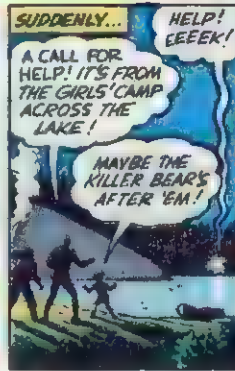
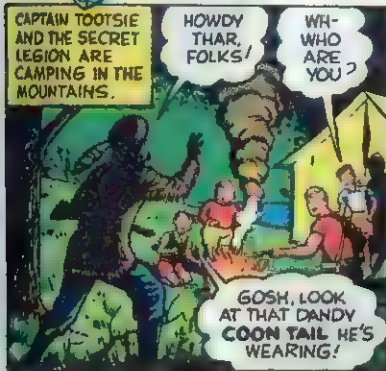
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Tootsie KILLER BEAR

WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

TRAPS

BY G. C. BROWN AND OTHER COON TAILERS



COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS! — LOTS OF FUN, KIDS!

GET THIS GENUINE COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!

FOR ONLY **15¢**

SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!

Gosh, you'll be some punkins when you get this handsome genuine 'coon tail for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like 'Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous trappers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur! Looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart swing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper RUSH! Send for as many as you want, but quick—before they're gone! (Don't forget to send 13¢ and a wrapper for each 'coon tail.)

FOR PLAYING WOODS MAN

SWELL FOR YOUR BICYCLE

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Dept. 101
Box 8, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail. I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

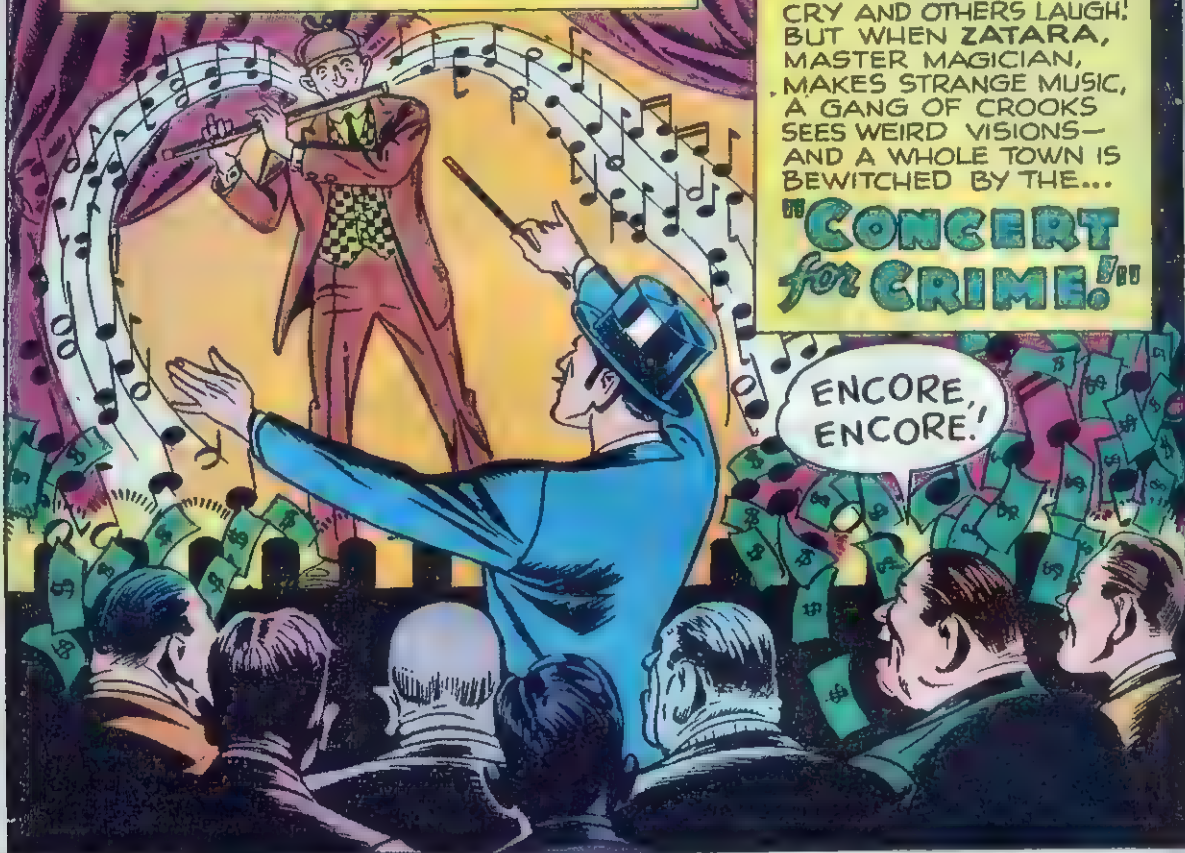
OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1948
SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

MUSIC HAS BEEN KNOWN TO DO ODD THINGS TO PEOPLE... IT MAKES SOME "CUT RUGS" AND OTHERS DREAM; SOME CRY AND OTHERS LAUGH! BUT WHEN ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, MAKES STRANGE MUSIC, A GANG OF CROOKS SEES WEIRD VISIONS—AND A WHOLE TOWN IS BEWITCHED BY THE...

"CONCERT for CRIME!"



A DAYLIGHT HOLDUP TAKES PLACE IN QUIET OAK CITY...

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE POLICE!

DON'T BOTHER, CHUM... THEY KNOW ABOUT ME!



DA COPS TOOK THIS PICTURE... THEY'RE ME OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS! HA, HA!

WANTED



\$1,000⁰⁰ REWARD

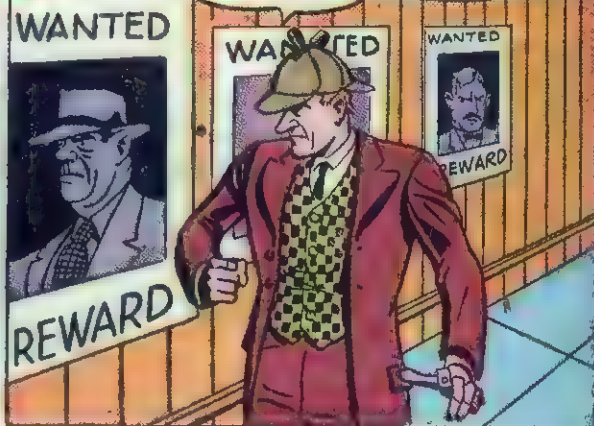


YES, THE POLICE ARE OUTWITTED! BUT A TALL STRANGER GETS A HELPFUL IDEA!

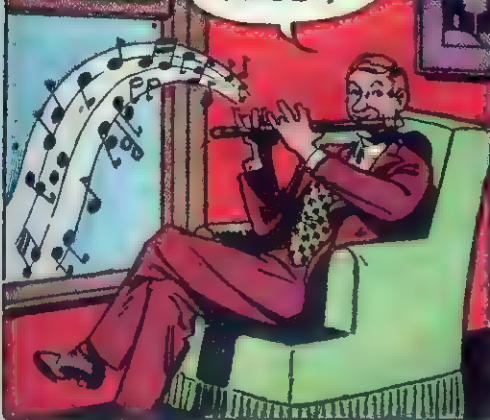
BY GUM, LOOKS LIKE THEY NEED A GOOD CONSTABLE AROUND HERE... AND MR. P. PIPER IS THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



I CLEANED THE CROOKS OUT OF WICKS' VILLE AND I CAN DO THE SAME HERE! I'LL GO HOME AND FIGGER OUT A PLAN!



I THINK BETTER WHILE A-PLAYIN' THIS FLUTE...AND THOSE REWARDS WILL TAKE PLENTY OF THINKIN' ABOUT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

'LEVEN HUNDRED, TWELVE HUNDRED, THIRTEEN HUNDRED...

LET'S TAKE THE DOUGH FROM THIS SAP, BOPPER!



UP WITH YOUR MITTS, SAP... WE'LL COUNT YOUR DOUGH FOR YOU!

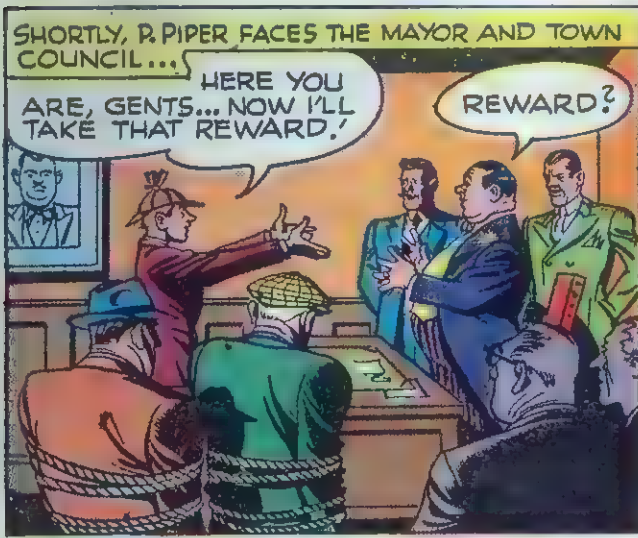
MIGHTY NICE OF YOU, FRIENDS...

YIII... GAS... (CHOKE)...

COMING OUT OF HIS SLEEVES!

SHUCKS, DON'T FEEL BAD! I WANTED TO MEET YOU FELLERS, SO I LURED YOU WITH THIS MONEY!

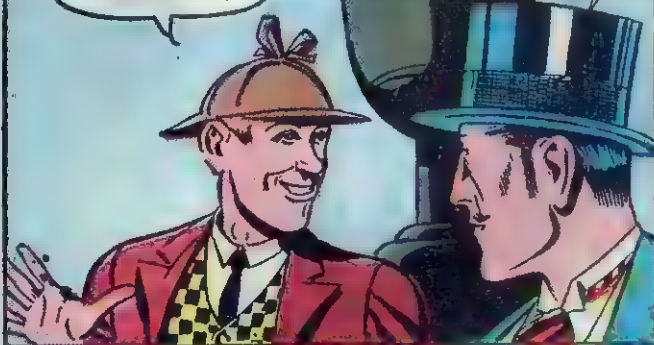




THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN HEARS RPIPER'S SAD STORY...

THANKS FOR LISTENIN', ZATARA... NOW I FEEL BETTER! I'M GONNA PLAY MY FLUTE AND DO SOME MORE FIGGERIN'!

PLAY YOUR FLUTE? GOOD IDEA!



IT GIVES ME AN IDEA TOO! ETULF, EKAM CIGAM CISUM!*

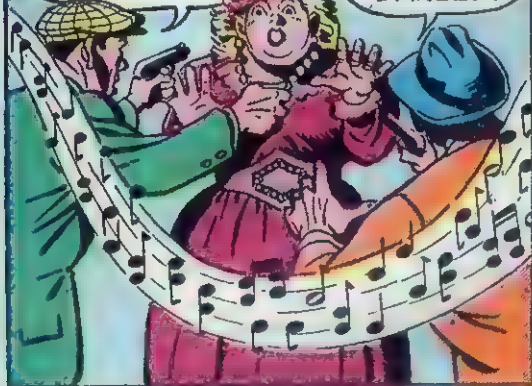


*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

THUS, SHORTLY...

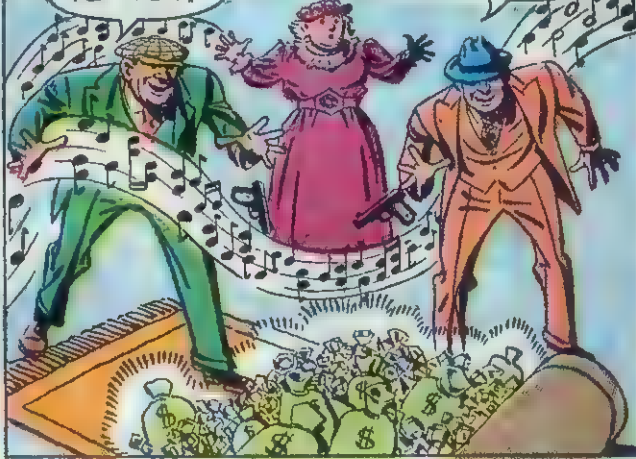
HAND OVER YOUR JEWELS, LADY... SAY, WHAT KIND OF MUSIC IS THAT?

MUST BE A NEW KIND OF JIVE! IT MAKES ME WANT TO DANCE...



EXCUSE US LADY... WE GOT A RUG TO CUT!

A RUG WITH DIAMONDS ON IT! LOOK!



WE'RE GONNA GET RICH!

THE MUSIC SAYS SO!



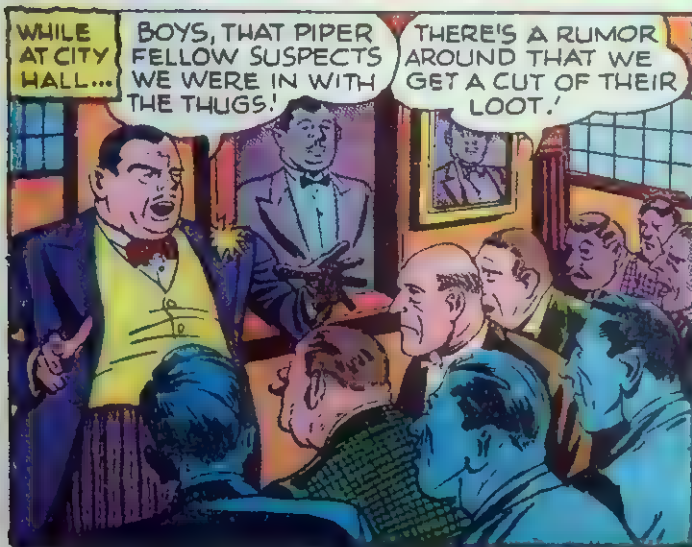
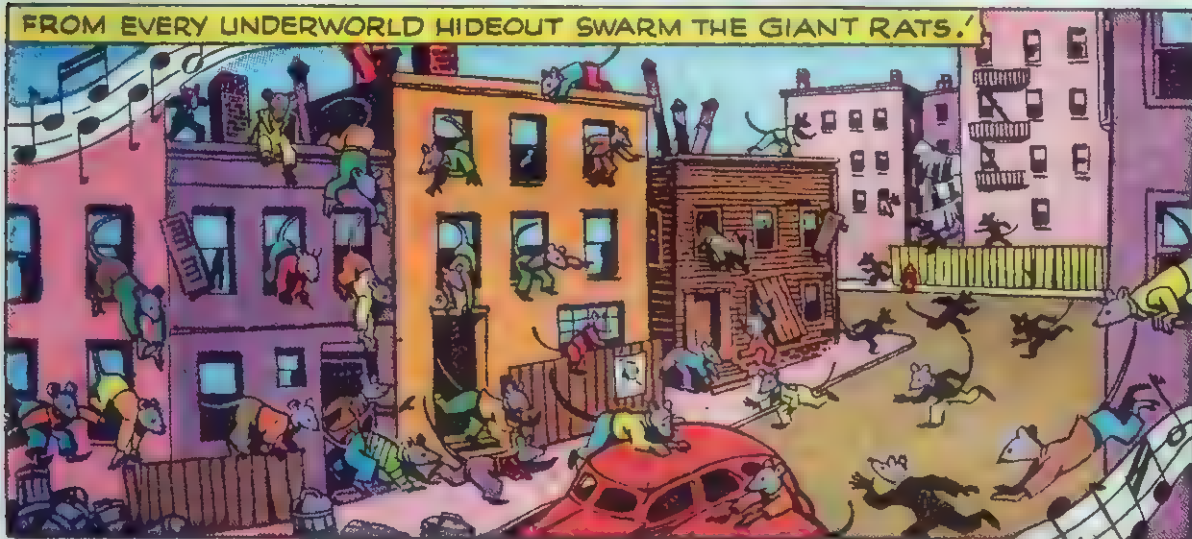
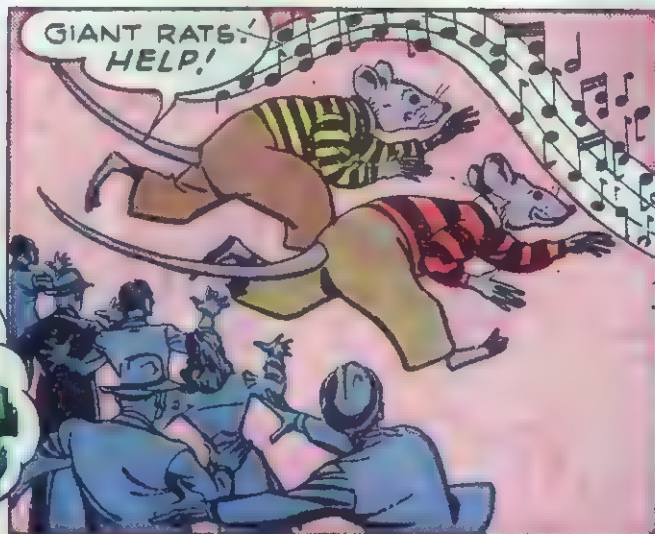
MEANWHILE...

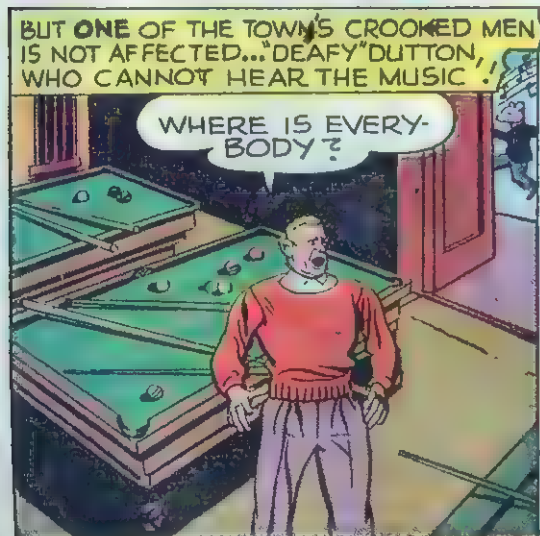
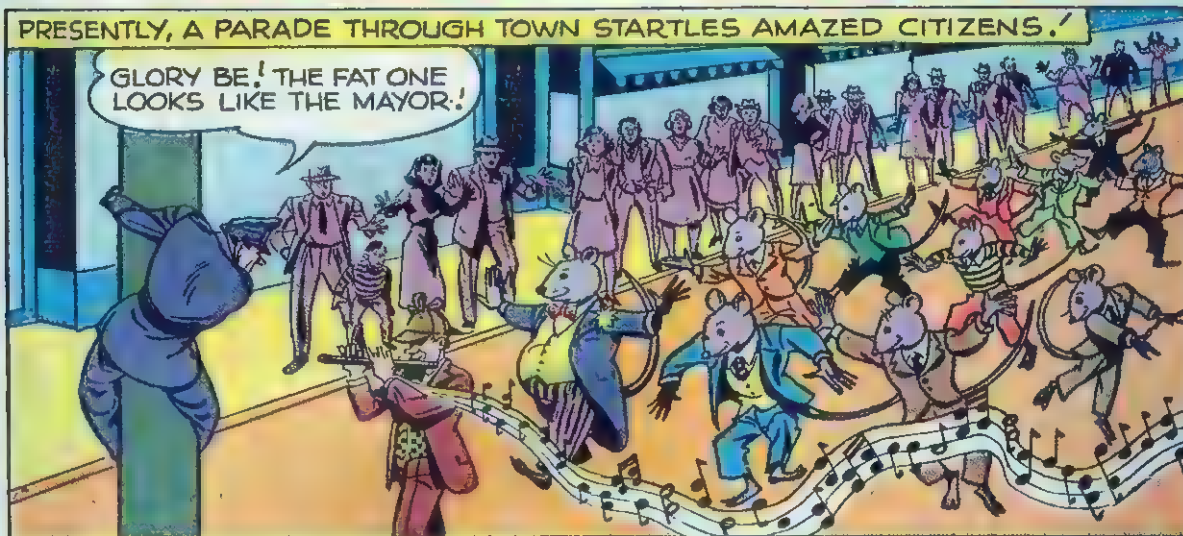
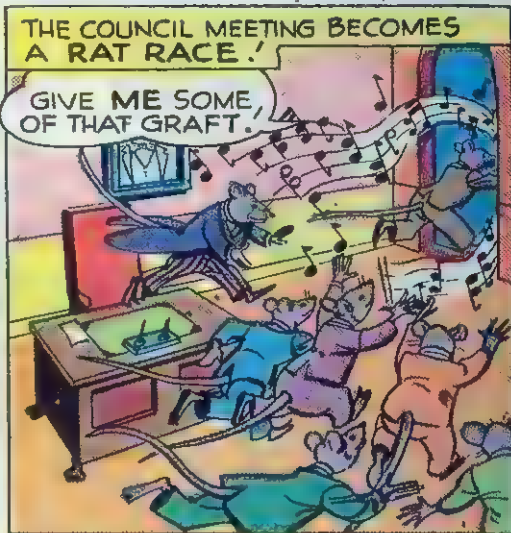
SOMETHING'S MAKIN' ME PLAY MY FLUTE IN THE STREETS... I NEVER DID THAT BEFORE!

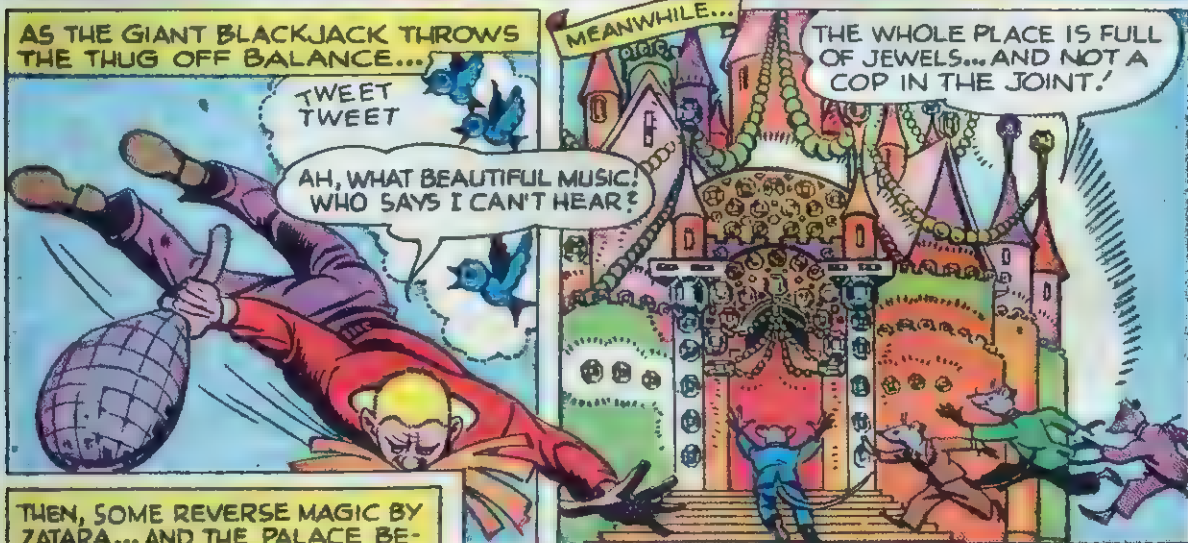
THAT'S MY DOING, FRIEND...

EB LAER DEIP REPIP!











ZZZZZZING!

Get This Amazing

JET PLANE RING!

NEW! It's Terrific!

Just touch the secret launching trigger and z-z-ing — your model jet plane takes off with catapult action!

Flies Right off Your Finger!

Wow—it's almost like magic! How other kids will envy you! You've got to see it to know what fun it is!

Be First to Get One!

Ask Mom for KELLOGG'S PEP—right away! Then send for your Jet Plane Ring! (Only PEP makes this swell offer.)



- Scale model jet plane in nickel finish—complete to pilot's "bubble," exhaust vent, and wing insignia.
- Secret launching trigger.
- Jet planes in flight on sides of ring.
- Ring finished in genuine 24 k. gold plate.
- Adjustable to any size finger.

COPYRIGHT 1948, BY KELLOGG CO.

*Easy to Get—Only
20¢ and ONE
PEP BOX TOP!*



**Kellogg's
PEP**

P.S.!

**REAL PHOTO
OF A STAR
IN EVERY
PACKAGE!**

*Use Handy Coupon to
order your jet plane ring—
Tear out NOW!*

FILL IN COUPON, enclose one PEP box top (end marked "TOP") and 20¢ for each ring ordered and mail to KELLOGG Co., Box 212, New York 8, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

MYSTERY on the MOUNTAIN



Ray O'Vac Says:

"This is a true story from a letter in our files!"

© 1937 - RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, HARBOR, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



"Man, oh man, what a swell big buck! Careful! Don't let that one get away! Steady there, Dick... steady..."



"Isn't he a dandy! I'll tie his legs with this rope. Long trip down to the car, but we can take turns toting him."



"Say, I left my flashlight up there! Had my hands full when I saw it, then forgot. Too far to go back up there now."



1 YEAR LATER

"Isn't this just about the place where we got that big buck last fall? Wonder if we could find my old flashlight."



"By golly, here it is! Too big for the pack rate to carry away, I guess. Not much chance of it being any good now."



"Look! It works! Imagine—after all last winter's snow and cold, and the rain and all summer in the sun!"



"Mystery's solved! Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof batteries! The ones that are sealed in steel. That's why they stay fresh so long."



Buy Spares—They stay Fresh!

"And read the guarantee on each Ray-O-Vac. If they ever swell or stick, damaging your flashlight, you get a new flashlight free!"

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



Powerful battery



solid steel bottom



solid steel top



solid steel casing



solid steel jacket



Ray-O-Vac

ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS

CABBYE CAVEY

by JACK
FARR

HERE I AM BACK, MOIPH,
LOOKIN' FOR A NEW NUMBER AGAIN!
-- THE ONLY THING I SAVED FROM THAT
LAST BUNDLE O' BUNGLES YOU UNLOADED
ON ME WUZ THE LICENSE PLATES -- IT
CRACKED UP IN THE MIDDLE -- BOTH ENDS,
AND ALL FOUR CORNERS -- ALL AT ONCE! SO
NOW DO ME SOMETHING --

COME ALONG WITH ME,
MY BUCKO -- I'VE GOT JUST
THE ANSWER TO ANY TAXI
DRIVER'S PRAYER -- RIGHT
OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE, KID!

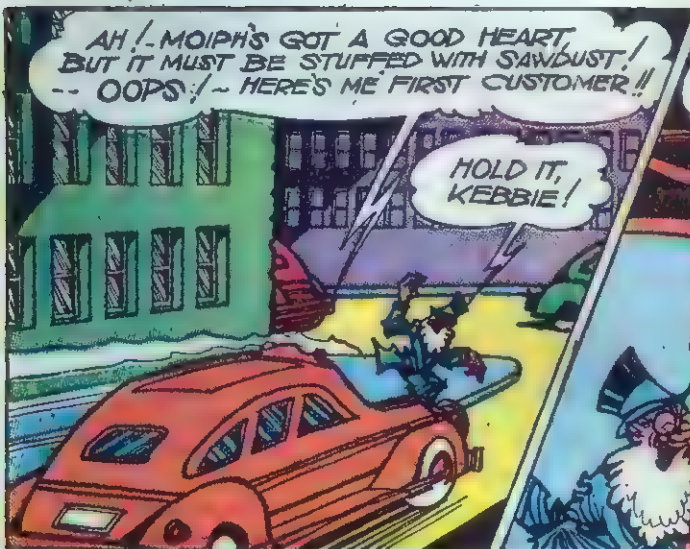
MARTY MURPHY'S
MOTOR MORGUE
OFFICE •

HERE IT IS, SONNY BOY -- AN' NOT
A RIVET IN IT! -- EVERY PART IS
WELDED, AND HAND-WELDED AT THAT,
MIND YA -- Y'KIN STEP IN NOW AND
DRIVE CLEAN TO GUATEMALA, -- GO
AHEAD TRY IT -- AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE!

TRUSTIN' YOU -- LIKE I DON'T,
MOIPH BOY -- I'LL TRY IT OUT,
AT YOUR OWN RISK!!

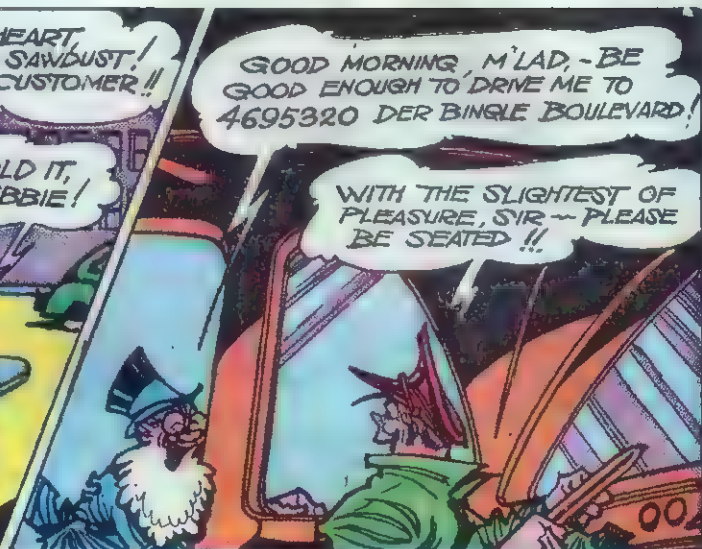
GIDDALONG WITH
Y'NOW -- AND NO
HAPPY RETURNS
OF THE DAY!!

WARNING --
DON'T!!



AH! - MOIPH'S GOT A GOOD HEART,
BUT IT MUST BE STUFFED WITH SAWDUST!
-- OOPS! -- HERE'S ME FIRST CUSTOMER!!

HOLD IT,
KEBBIE!



GOOD MORNING, M'LAD, - BE
GOOD ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME TO
4695320 DER BINGLE BOULEVARD!

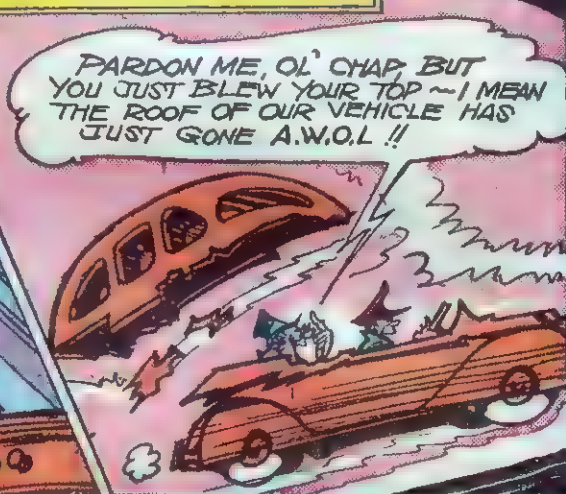
WITH THE SLIGHTEST OF
PLEASURE, SIR -- PLEASE
BE SEATED !!



H'M - I THINK, MOIPH, FINALLY
GAVE ME SOMETHING HERE - THIS
OL' BUS HUMS ALONG LIKE A TUNE -
LIKE 'THE PRISONER'S SONG' -- OR
SUMP'N !!

FULL SPEED AHEAD,
BUB -- BUT WITH
KEEN CAUTION, -- I'M
ONE OF THE TIMID SORT!

TEN (SHORT) MINUTES LATER -

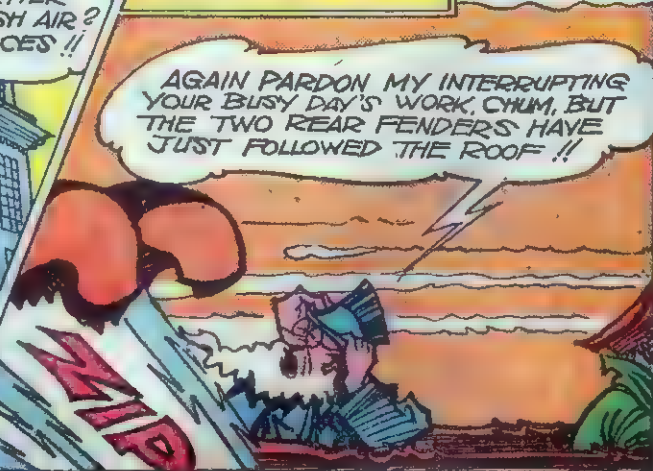


PARDON ME, OL' CHAP, BUT
YOU JUST BLEW YOUR TOP -- I MEAN
THE ROOF OF OUR VEHICLE HAS
JUST GONE A.W.O.L !!



FOOSH! -- SO WHAT? -- IT'S A BRIGHT
SUNNY MORNIN', AN' WHAT'S ANY BETTER
FOR YA, PAL, THAN A WHIFF OF FRESH AIR?
SO, SKIP IT -- WE'RE GOIN' PLACES !!

FIVE MORE (SHORT)
MINUTES LATER --



AGAIN PARDON MY INTERRUPTING
YOUR BUSY DAY'S WORK, CHUM, BUT
THE TWO REAR FENDERS HAVE
JUST FOLLOWED THE ROOF !!

MAKE LIGHT OF IT, MISTER -- WHAT'S A COUPLA FENDERS BETWEEN FRIENDS -- MEBBE THEY JUST GOT THEMSELVES UN-WELDED.

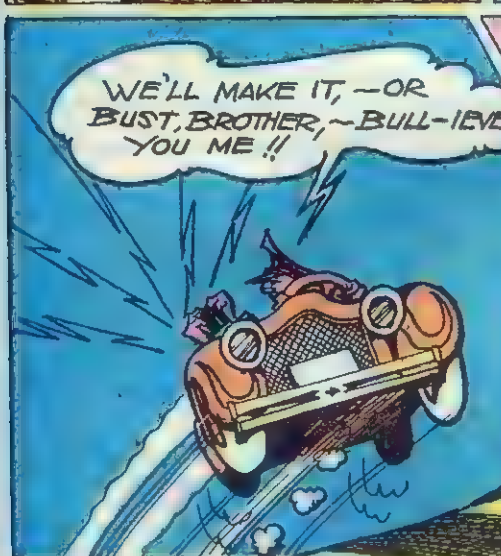


OKAY! DRIVER, IF YOU CAN TAKE IT, SO CAN I -- BUT NOT MUCH LONGER -- THERE GOES BOTH SIDES !!

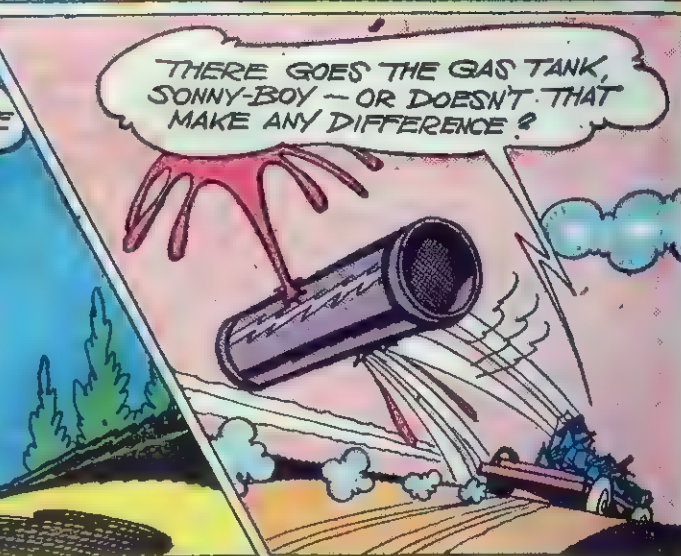


SKIP IT! --

WE'LL MAKE IT, --OR BUST, BROTHER, --BULL-IEVE YOU ME !!



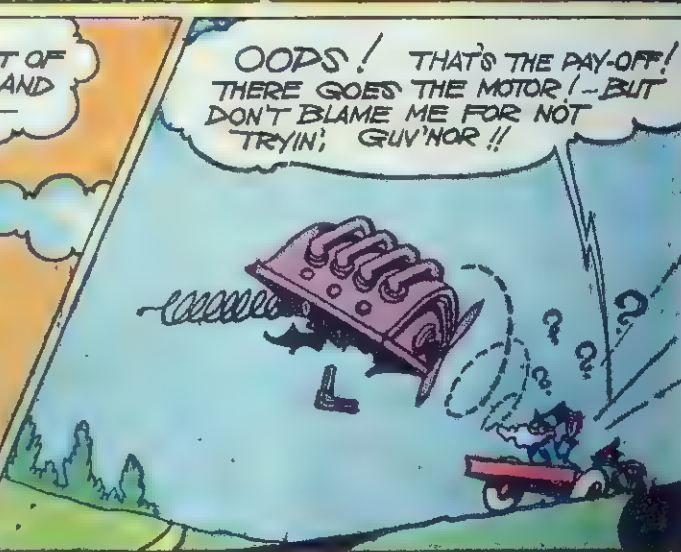
THERE GOES THE GAS TANK, SONNY-BOY -- OR DOESN'T THAT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE ?

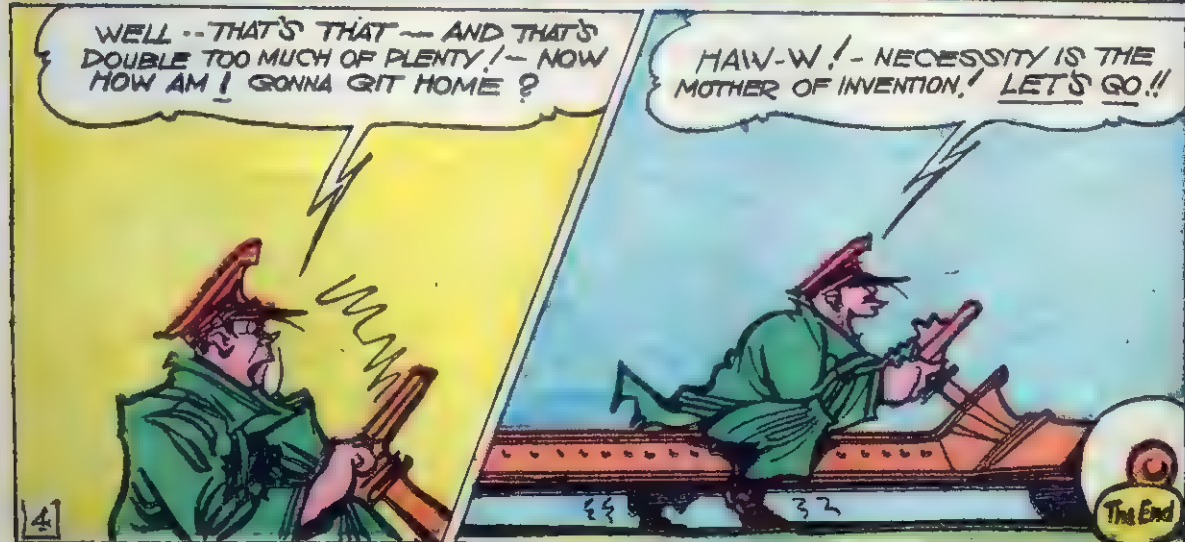
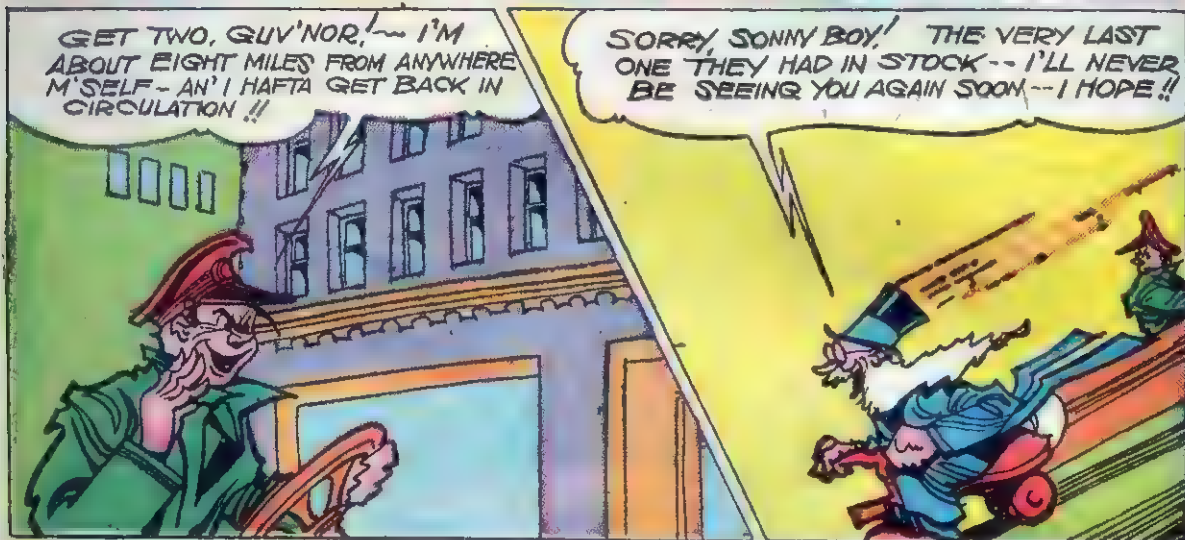
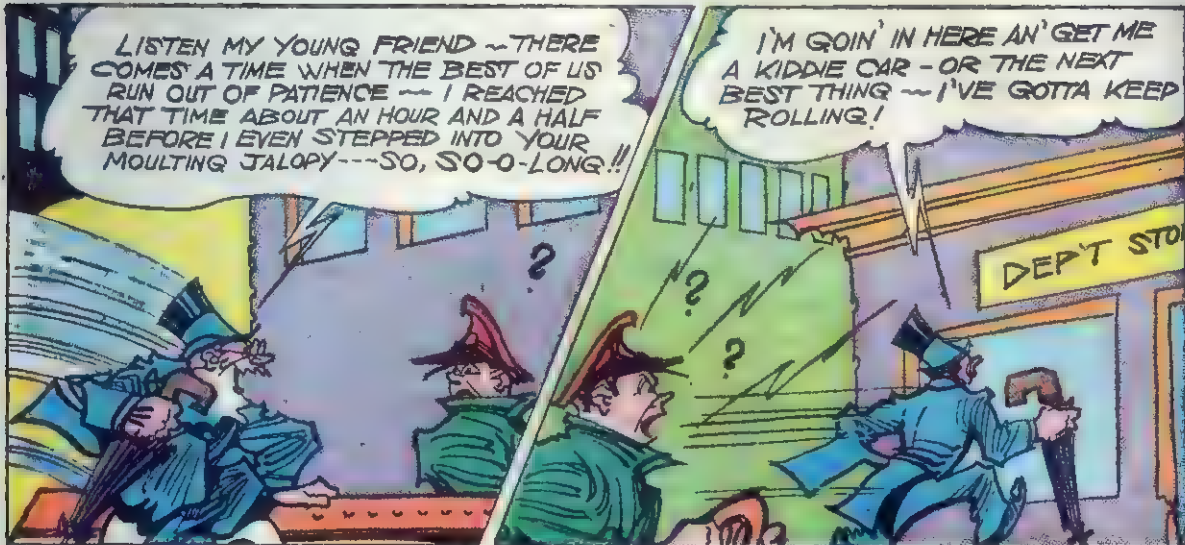


NOT TOO MUCH! -- THE REST OF THE TRIP IS ALL DOWN HILL, -- AND I'LL GET YOU THERE IF ---



OODS! THAT'S THE PAY-OFF! THERE GOES THE MOTOR! -- BUT DON'T BLAME ME FOR NOT TRYIN', GUV'NOR !!





COOKING WITH GAS

By CHARLES WINSLOW

HE could still hear the faint screaming of sirens in the distance as he lay exhausted in the spongy tufts of grass that dotted the swamp where he hid. If they didn't get the bloodhounds out right away, he thought, he might have a chance to get away and head for the big towns and the big money once again.

Things had gone badly for him after the first part of his escape program. Two guards were dead, his buddy was lying badly wounded somewhere back on the road, and the night was bright with a full moon. The tense excitement of the break-through from the tunnel and the two-mile run through uneven fields and mire, had left him panting and choking for breath.

But now, as the minutes passed while he regained his strength, he felt that he would make good the escape and he smiled to himself in anticipation of the freedom ahead of him. He had five thousand dollars safely cached away in Chicago, and a good plastic surgeon could help him on his way to a new life.

He raised himself slowly from the wet ground and started to run in a broken line over the treacherous fields. The countryside was flat and almost unpopulated down here in Kansas. There were no lights for miles, no sign of a house. At first he was grateful for this. He headed North knowing that some thirty miles away he could hop a freight or bum a ride and be on his way to Chicago. He traveled light, his only "baggage" a gun with three bullets left in it. Three others had taken care of the guards. He was well off, he told himself.

Dark clouds began scudding across the moon and soon obscured it. A storm was brewing and a hot wet wind came across the fields, soon followed by great gusts

of sheet rain. This was good too. If the bloodhounds were out now, their scent would be turned, and his footsteps were fast disappearing under the floods of water that poured down. He slowed down to a walk, marking his way by the airplane beacon which shone from the only high hill in these parts, some twenty miles from the town which was his destination by the following morning. He counted on being there by dawn. There was a huge unfinished sewer pipe which started about two miles out of the town and led directly to the railroad tracks where the freights passed by slowly before changing sidings. His briefing had been excellent, thanks to his buddy Max who was probably dead or dying by this time.

Max had been valuable in more ways than one. He had provided the gun; it was he who knew the layout of the countryside, and it was just a tough break that he didn't make the last stretch. But, thought the man to himself, one travels better than two, and Max might have gummed up the works by being along.

It was coming down in torrents now, and he judged the time to be about two o'clock in the morning. Still three hours before he would reach the outlet to the sewer pipe.

He was beginning to feel sick and nearly fell as he plodded along over the marshy ground. He hadn't eaten since the evening before, and now his hunger was enormous and painful.

Suddenly, in the distance he caught the gleam of a light. It seemed to come from the window of a house or a cabin. Eagerly, he quickened his steps, felt the gun at his side, and pushed through mud and brambles toward the light which promised at least a shelter for a few hours.

He reached the door and was surprised to find a small sturdy house, almost new. White paint glistened under the rain, and the door boasted a small brass knocker freshly polished. He found it strange to discover a bright new cottage in this desolate part of the country. As he crept cautiously around to the back of the house, he came upon a wide hinged door which undoubtedly led to the storm cellar. Finding it unbolted, he raised it and went down a flight of steps into the deep heavy-walled cellar. He waited a moment, standing in the damp still room, and decided to rest for a few minutes before introducing himself to whoever might be upstairs. There was no place to sit, so he lay down on the cement floor and felt safe for the first time since he had bolted the prison.

An hour later he awoke suddenly and raised himself painfully from the hard cold floor. He hadn't counted on falling asleep. He shivered violently and stifled a sneeze. His head throbbed and his throat ached. The rain and cold had done their work quickly. If only he could eat something, he thought, he could get back enough strength to make his last lap less painful. Grasping his gun, he mounted the stairs and tried the door to the top. Locked. . . . Grimly he took the butt of the gun and pounded on the door. Food and drink he had to have now, no matter what he had to do to get them.

Tentative footsteps approached the door now and he held tight to the gun. The door opened and he faced a woman, a small elderly woman.

"What do you want?" she asked and her voice was surprisingly calm.

"I lost my way and stumbled into your cellar by accident, and I want something to eat—and quick." He felt good. The woman was obviously alone here and couldn't make any trouble. She was old and frail and badly frightened in spite of her apparent courage. He couldn't hide the gun now, she had already seen it, and silently he motioned her over toward the stove.

His head was reeling by now. He'd be lucky if this wasn't pneumonia.

"There isn't any food up here. I keep everything down in the storm cellar," she said. He looked at her and she seemed to be telling the truth. The only piece of equipment visible was the gas stove—no icebox or food shelf. He sat down with his back to the stove, facing the front door. If she was going down to the cellar, he was going with her. These old dames had tricks and nothing could stop him now. In twenty minutes he'd be fed and out of here. She started toward the cellar and he followed her, the gun pressed into her back.

They were in the cellar some ten minutes. The woman was so nervous by this time that she had a hard time even telling him where the food was. But presently he had a box of eggs and some bacon in his hand. She started up the stairs ahead of him.

"No, no," he rasped. "I'm leaving you down here for a while until I'm through up there." With that he ran up the stairs and locked the door after him.

The woman waited breathlessly. It had been fully twenty minutes now since she had put her scheme into action. If only it worked. . . .

Upstairs, the man grabbed a frying pan and struck a match. The small room suddenly rocked in an explosion that tore off the door and blew out the windows.

The posse arrived a short time later. Miss Garrick was safe in the well-protected cellar. The man lay unconscious on the floor of the now ruined kitchen.

Miss Garrick told her story and modestly refused to take too much credit for the quick thinking that had caught the escaped murder. "Well," she smiled, "I figured that a man with a cold like that wouldn't smell anything after I opened the gas jets on the stove before we went down into the cellar. I also knew that a suspicious man like that wouldn't let anybody else do the cooking, so I was safe, knowing he'd keep me down here in the storm cellar."

GANG BUSTERS

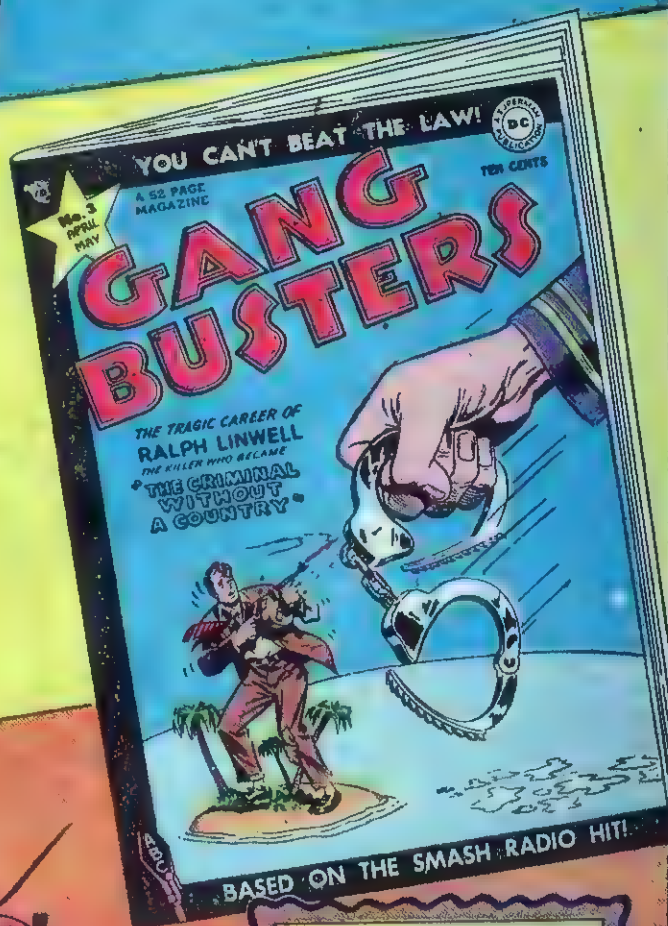
First-



A TOP RADIO HIT!

Now-
A

**SENSATIONAL
COMICS
FAVORITE!**

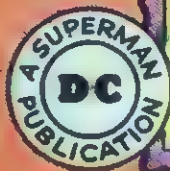


**ACTION!
EXCITEMENT!
DRAMA!**

**WATCH FOR THE THIRD
SMASH ISSUE**

OF GANG BUSTERS AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

**THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!**



VIGILANTE

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR BIRTHDAYS? THRILLING ENOUGH TO REMEMBER FOR A LIFE-TIME, OR ADVENTUROUS ENOUGH TO SCARE YOU OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH? STUFF HAS BOTH KINDS AT ONCE, AS THE RAINBOW MAN LURES HIM INTO A MAZE OF VIVID-HUED CRIME—AND HE'LL NEVER GET A BETTER PRESENT THAN THE LOYALTY OF THE VIGILANTE IN—

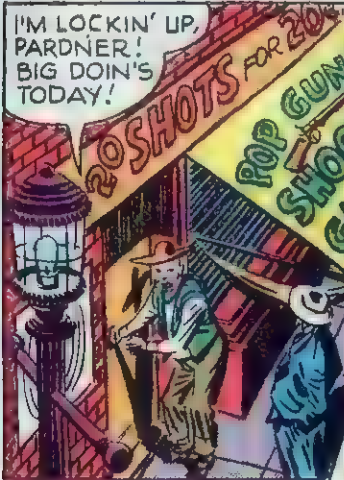
"THE BIRTHDAY THAT BACKFIRED!"





THIS IS A BIG DAY FOR POP GUNN, THE SHERIFF OF TIMES SQUARE, AND YOUNG STUFF, THE VIGILANTE'S PAL.

I'M LOCKIN' UP, PARDNER! BIG DOIN'S TODAY!



THIS'LL REMIND ME TO ACT SURPRISED!



BUT GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS HAVING DOUBLE TROUBLE—LITERALLY!

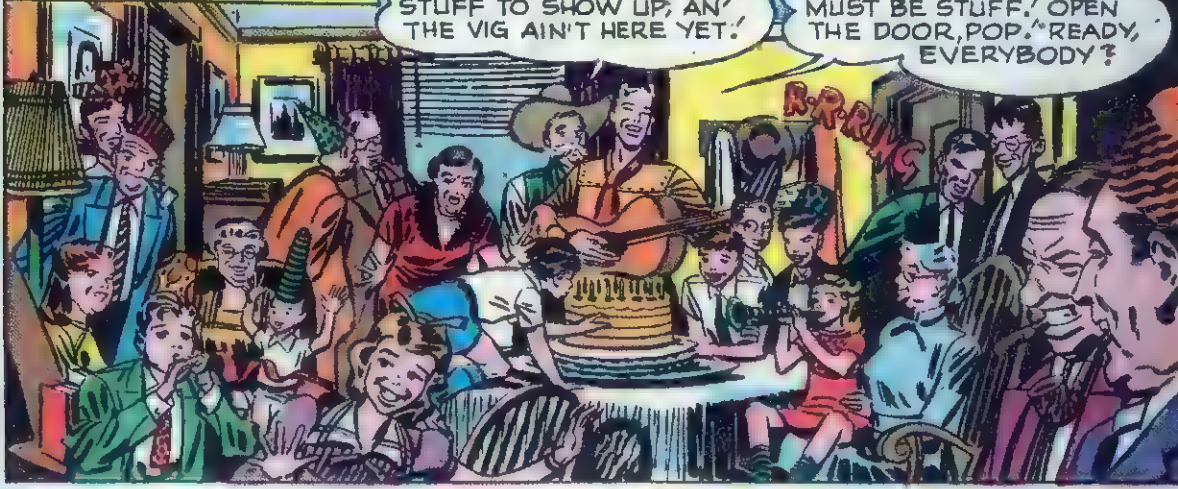
I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING THE VIGILANTE TO STUFF'S SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY— BUT HOW CAN I, WHEN I AM REALLY THE VIG?



LATER, IN STUFFS HOME...

GEE, GREG, IT'S TIME FOR STUFF TO SHOW UP, AN' THE VIG AIN'T HERE YET!

OH-OH— THE BELL! THAT MUST BE STUFF! OPEN THE DOOR, POP! READY, EVERYBODY?



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...

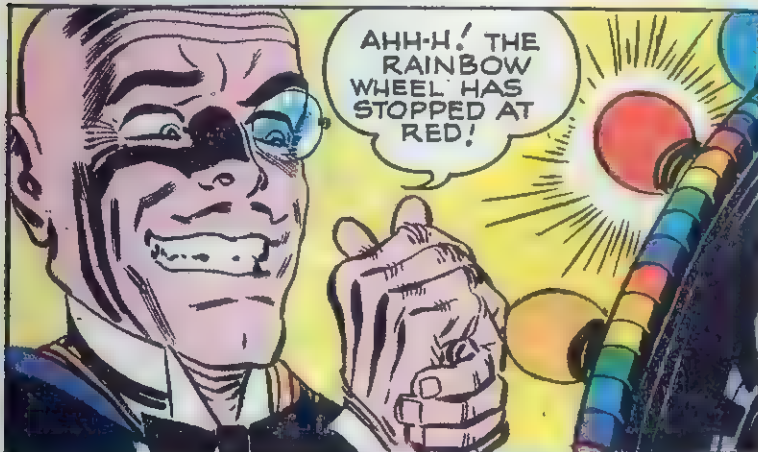
WHAT IS THIS? A SINGING TELEGRAM IN REVERSE? I'VE GOT A TELEGRAM FOR THE VIGILANTE!



THE VIGILANTE IS NOT HERE! I'LL SEE IF IT'S— GREAT! SCOTT!



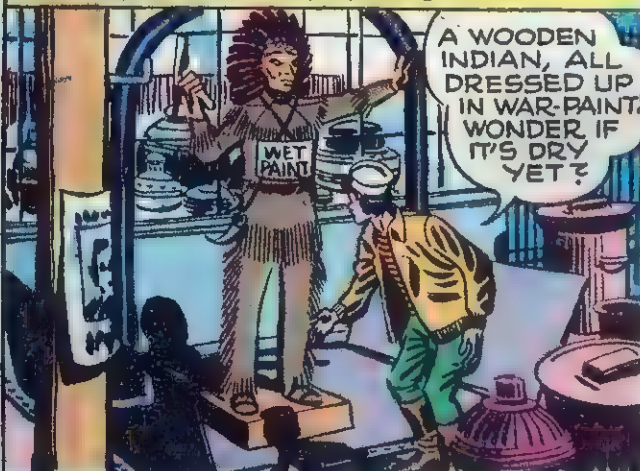
HOW DOES THAT CUNNING CREATOR OF CRIMES IN COLOR, THE RAINBOW MAN, ENTER INTO THIS? LET US GO BACK A FEW HOURS AGO...



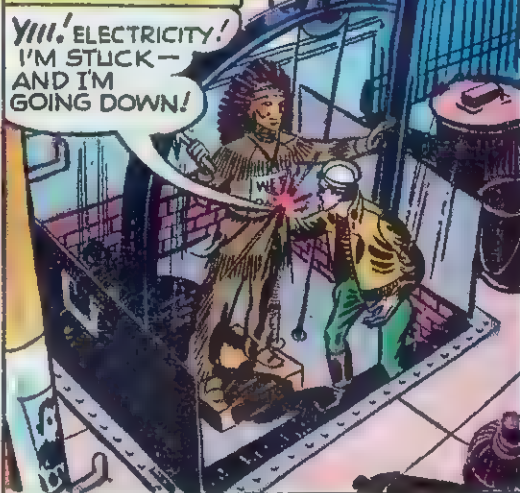
MY CRIME-SCIENTIFIC MIND HAS ALREADY CONCEIVED A MASTER-PLAN IN CRIMSON - A PLAN FOR FLAME AND VIOLENCE! BUT I'LL NEED A YOUNG ACTIVE ASSISTANT-SUCH AS A CERTAIN LAD WHO PASSES HERE DAILY.



SO, PRESENTLY, STUFF FACES A TEMPTATION FEW BOYS CAN WITHSTAND...



NEXT INSTANT...



A RAPID DESCENT TO THE CELLAR - AND STUFF FINDS HIMSELF IN THE CLUTCHES OF...

THE RAINBOW MAN! WAIT!LL THE VIG HEARS ABOUT THIS AT MY BIRTHDAY PARTY, TODAY.

YOUR BIRTHDAY? CONGRATULATIONS, STUFF! WE'LL MAKE IT A RED LETTER DAY!



THEN... MY "HYPNO-CHROME" TREATMENT IS PUTTING HIS WILL TO SLEEP. HE'LL FOLLOW ORDERS - UNTIL SOME SUDDEN SHOCK REVIVES HIM!

NOW WE TELEGRAPH DA VIG TA EXCUSE HIM FROM DA PARTY, HUH? HAW, HAW!



LATER - A CRIMSON TANK TRUCK PUMPS AN EXPLOSIVE FLUID INTO THE BASEMENT OF A JEWELRY STORE IN A BLOCKED-OFF STREET...

DEM RED LANTERNS'LL KEEP DA TRAFFIC OUT TILL DIS NAPTHA BLOWS UP!

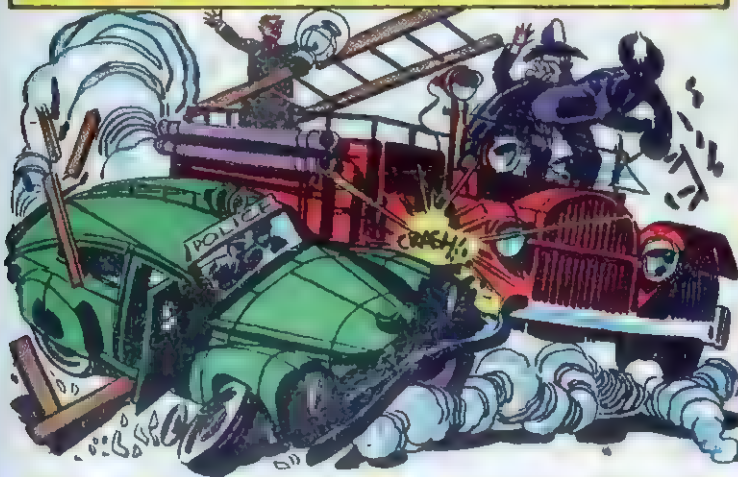
THEN THE BROKEN GLASS STUFF IS SCATTERING WILL CREATE A BETTER BARRICADE!



SUDDENLY... THE VAULT'S SMASHED! GO AFTER THOSE RED RUBIES - AND DON'T MISS ANY!



FIRE TRUCK AND POLICE CARS SCREECH TO THE SCENE, TO SUFFER CUT TIRES - AND WORSE!



MEANWHILE, POP GUNN AND GREG HAVE BEGUN AN ANXIOUS SEARCH...

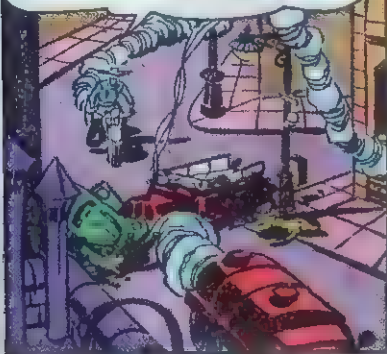
I'LL GO THIS WAY! ONE OF US MIGHT RUN INTO VIG, STUFF OR TH' RAINBOW MAN!

FINDING THE VIG WILL BE EASY FOR ME - AND THEN HE'LL INVESTIGATE THAT EXPLOSION!



MINUTES LATER - OUT OF HIS DUDE TOGS, THE VALIANT VIGILANTE SPEEDS TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

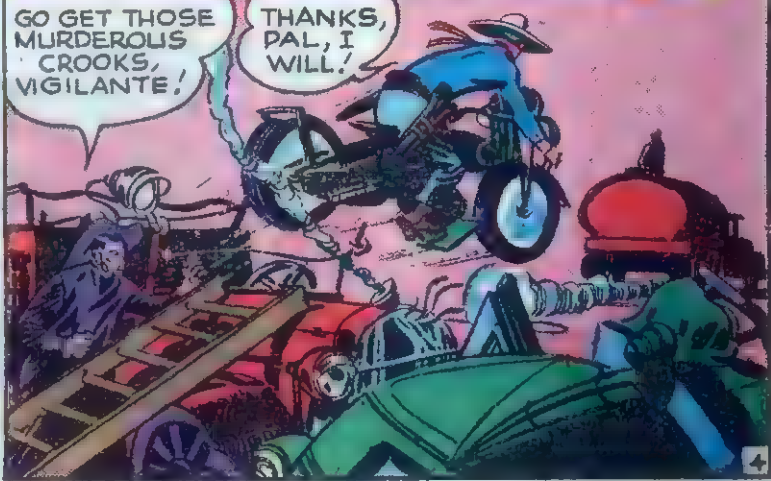
OH-OH-LOOKS LIKE I'M HEADED FOR A CRACKUP!

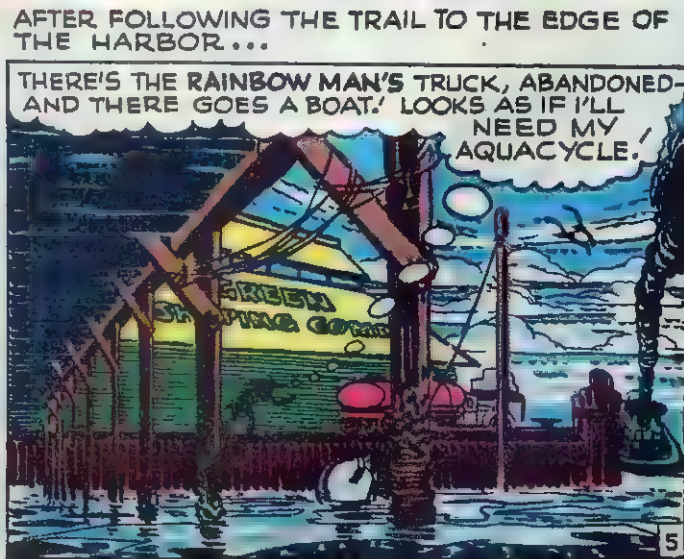
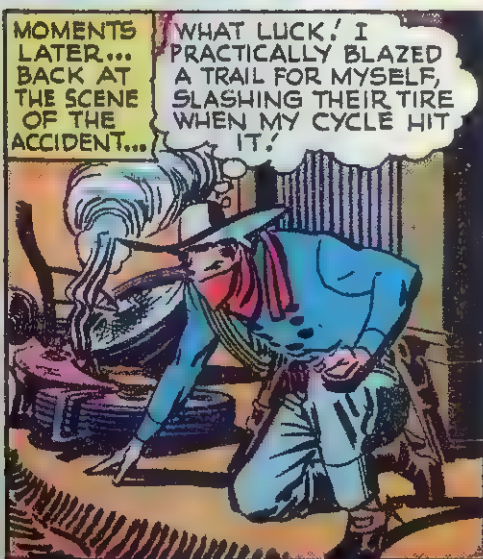
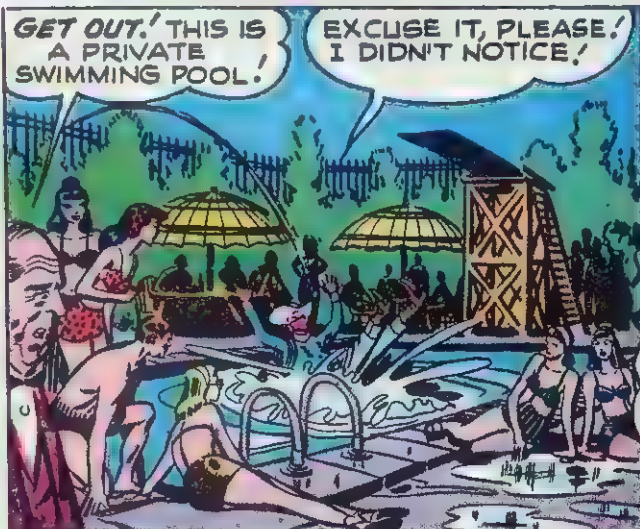
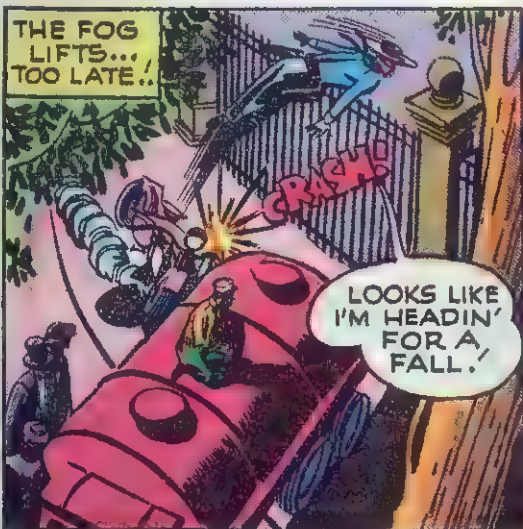
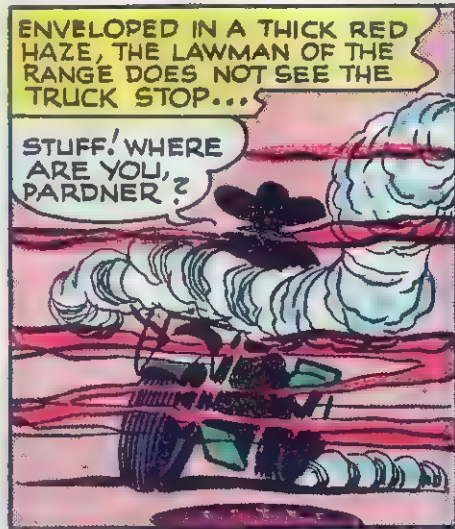
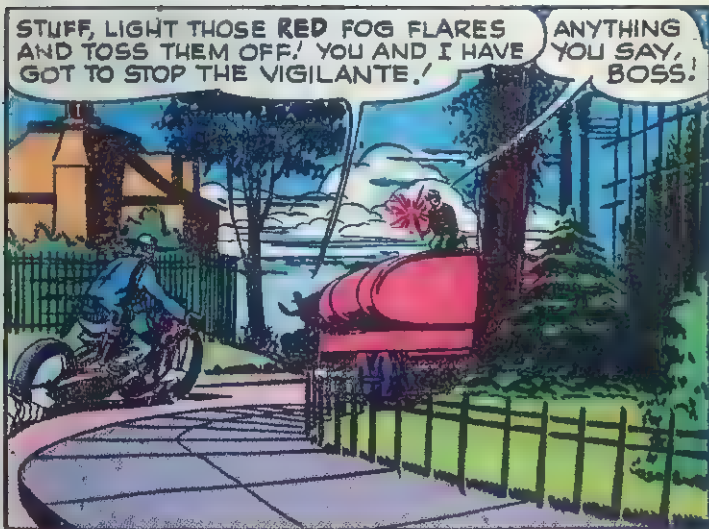


BUT NO! A QUICK THINKING FIREMAN PLACES A LADDER AGAINST THE WRECKAGE, AND -

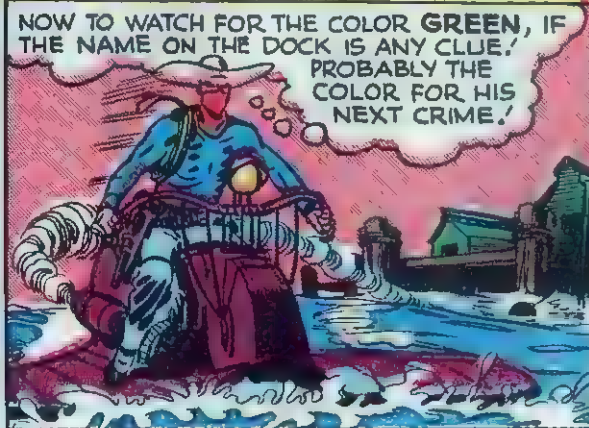
GO GET THOSE MURDEROUS CROOKS, VIGILANTE!

THANKS, PAL, I WILL!

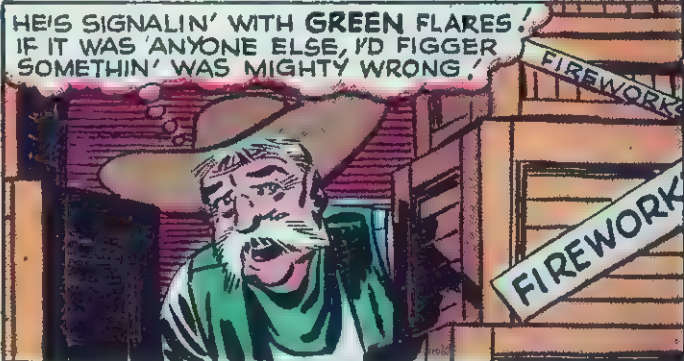
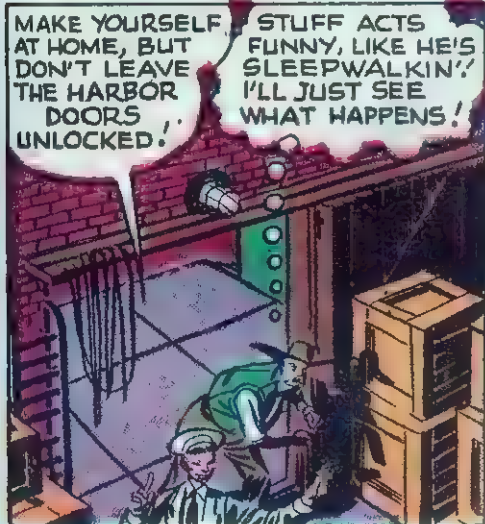
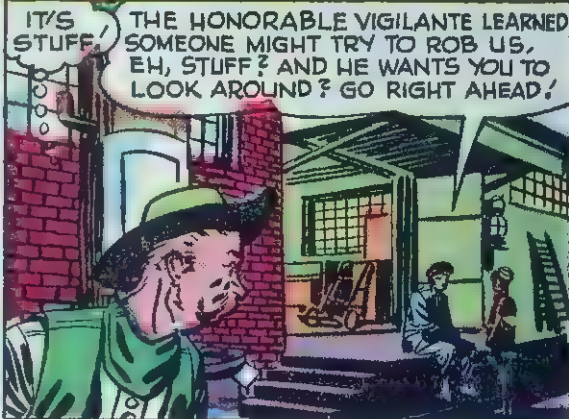




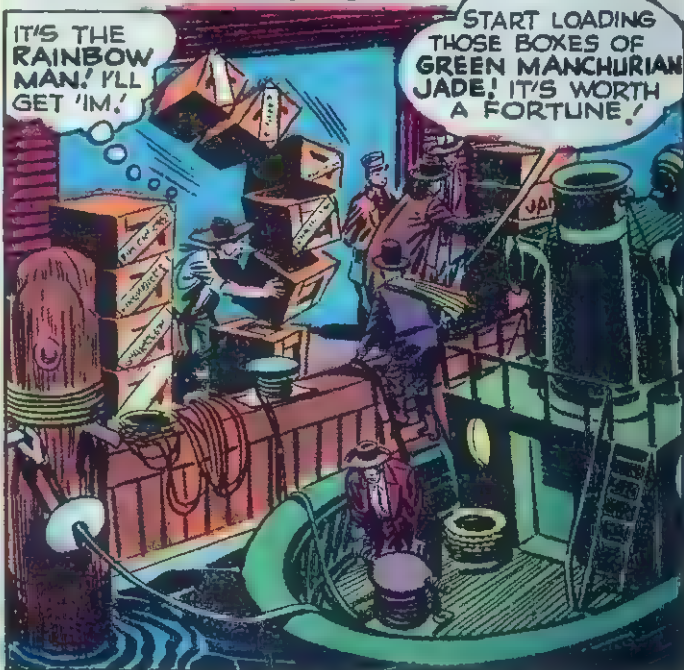
ON LAND OR SEA, THE LAWMAN FROM THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE GOES WELL-MOUNTED! HIS JET AQUACYCLE, KEPT READY AT THE WATERFRONT, SKIMS THE WAVES...



AT THE GREEN DRAGON WAREHOUSE, MAINTAINED BY CHINATOWN MERCHANTS, STUFF FOLLOWS ORDERS AGAIN - AND IS SEEN BY STARTLED EYES.

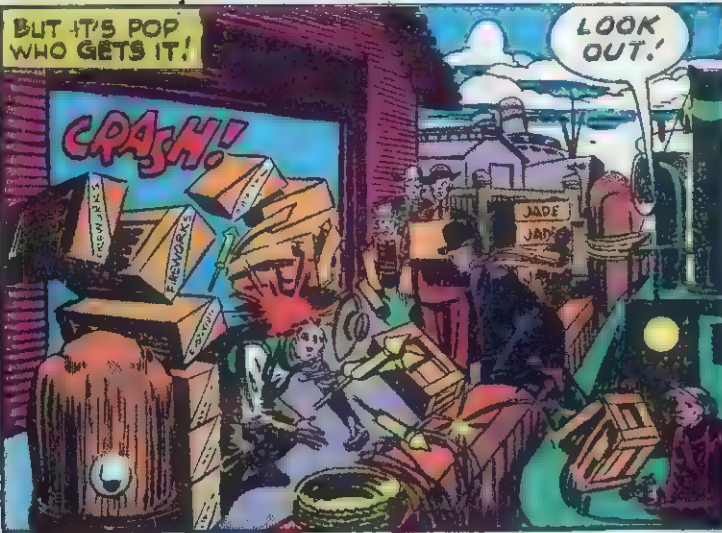


POP SUDDENLY RECOGNIZES THE PIRATE LEADER AND TAKES A DARING MOVE...



START LOADING THOSE BOXES OF GREEN MANCHURIAN JADE! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

BUT IT'S POP WHO GETS IT!



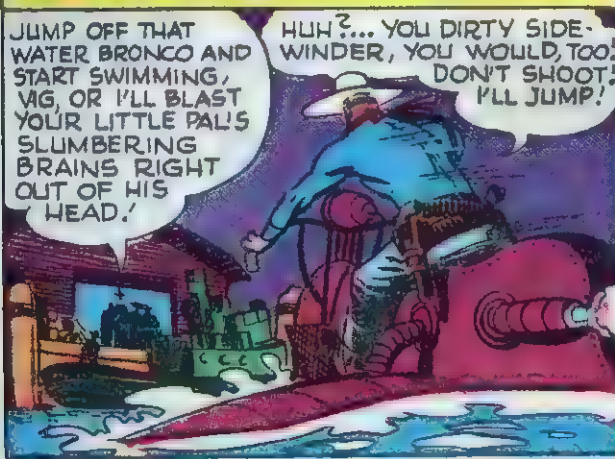
WHAT-! IT'S POP GUNN, THE VIGILANTE'S PAL-AND HE'S THOUGHTFULLY KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT! HERE COMES DA VIG HIMSELF!



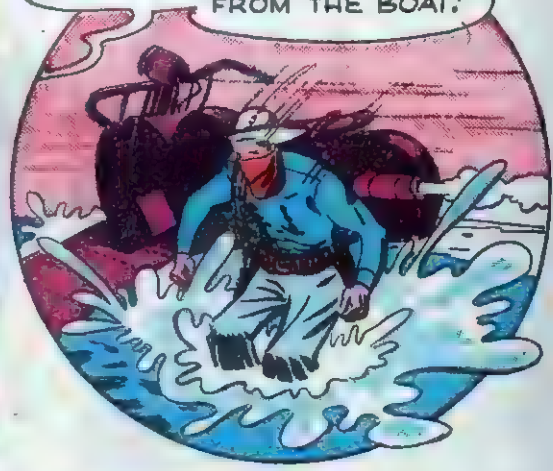
GUIDED BY THE GREEN FLARES, THE VIGILANTE FLASHES TOWARD THE DOCK-ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF CRUELLY THWARTED.

JUMP OFF THAT WATER BRONCO AND START SWIMMING, VIG, OR I'LL BLAST YOUR LITTLE PAL'S SLUMBERING BRAINS RIGHT OUT OF HIS HEAD!

HUH?... YOU DIRTY SIDE-WINDER, YOU WOULD, TOO! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL JUMP!



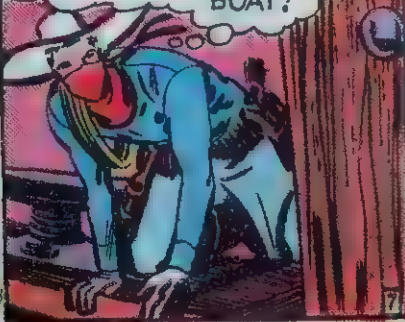
GET MOVING! GET THE JADE ABOARD- WE'LL PLUG HIM FROM THE BOAT!



AS THE BOAT HEADS OUT INTO THE RIVER...

I DON'T SEE HIM! MAYBE HE DROWNED.

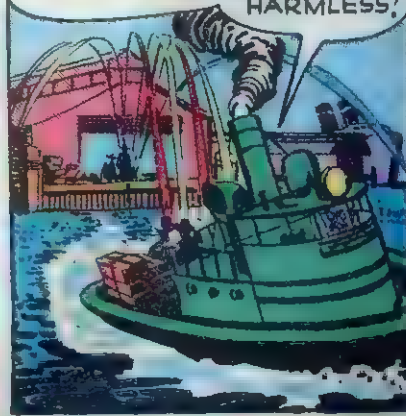
HMM... THEY'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BROKEN CASES OF FIREWORKS ON THEIR BOAT!



RAKING MY STEEL SPUR ACROSS THIS CONCRETE FLOOR SHOULD PRODUCE SOME FAT SPARKS!



FIREWORKS! AND INASMUCH AS THIS ISN'T THE FOURTH OF JULY, IT CAN ONLY MEAN THE VIGILANTE STILL LIVES! A COLORFUL DISPLAY- BUT HARMLESS!

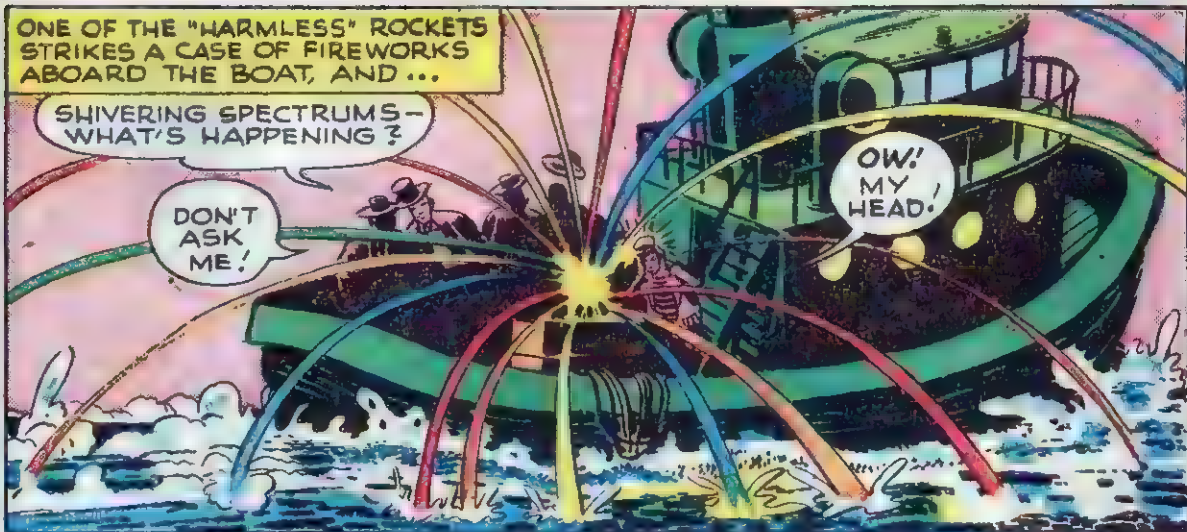


ONE OF THE "HARMLESS" ROCKETS STRIKES A CASE OF FIREWORKS ABOARD THE BOAT, AND ...

SHIVERING SPECTRUMS—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

DON'T ASK ME!

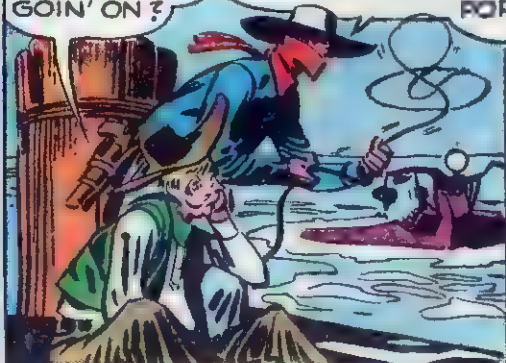
OW! MY HEAD!



MEANWHILE, THE VIGILANTE'S LARIAT NOOSES A WATERY STEED WHOSE RUDDER WAS SET TO CARRY IT IN A WIDE CIRCLE!

MY HEAD...HUH? VIG! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

I AM! ON MY WATER BRONC! SEE YOU LATER, POP!

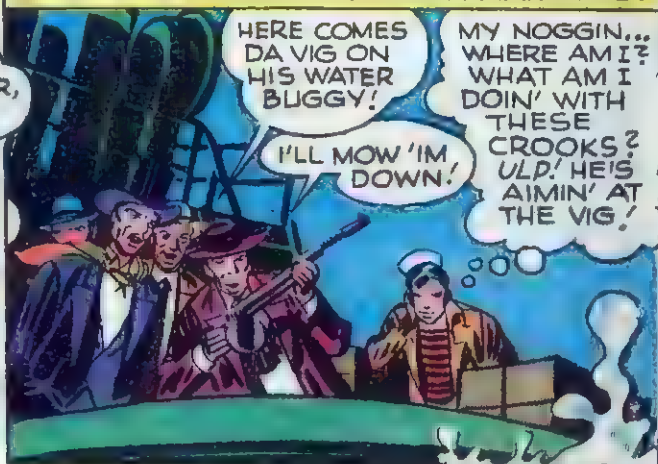


AND AS FOR HYPNOTIZED STUFF—THE SHOCK TO HIS HEAD BRINGS A SUDDEN AWAKENING!

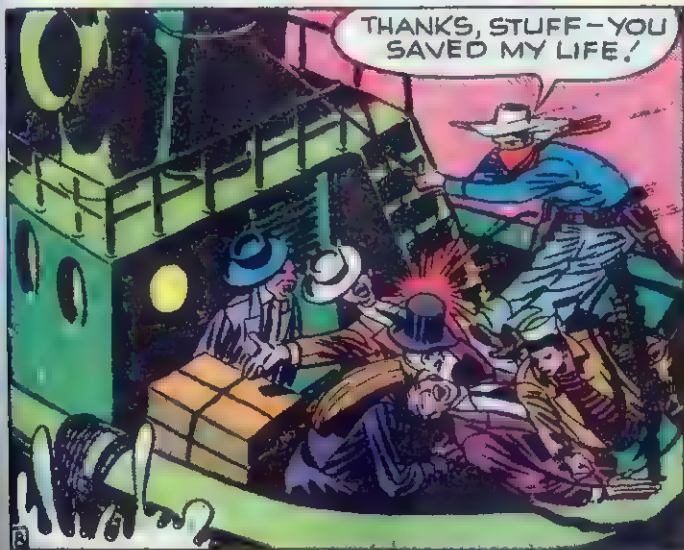
HERE COMES DA VIG ON HIS WATER BUGGY!

I'LL MOW 'IM DOWN!

MY NOGGIN... WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOIN' WITH THESE CROOKS? ULP! HE'S AIMIN' AT THE VIG!



THANKS, STUFF—YOU SAVED MY LIFE!



THE RAINBOW MAN GOES OUT IN A FINAL BURST OF GLORY!

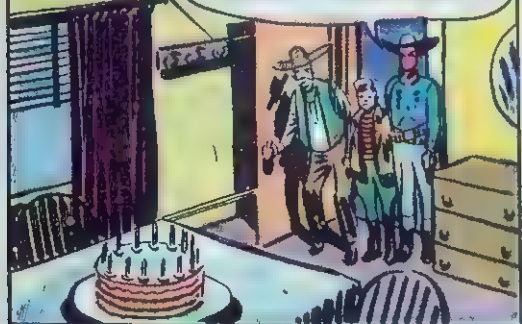
YOU CAN HAVE A COLOR FOR EACH CRIME—BUT JUSTICE USES ALL THE COLORS IN THE RAINBOW—INCLUDING BLACK AND BLUE!



THE CROOKS JAILED, THE LOOT RECOVERED, STUFF ARRIVES BELATEDLY AT HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY TO FIND—

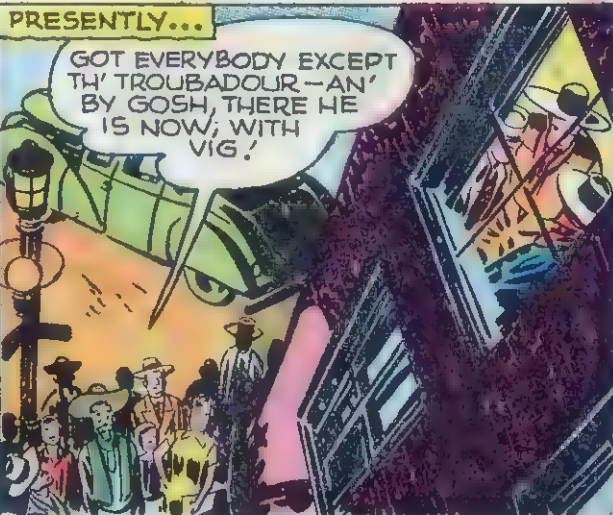
HUH? THEY GOT TIRED WAITIN'!

GO OUT AND ROUND THEM UP, POP! WE NEED THEM ALL—INCLUDING THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!



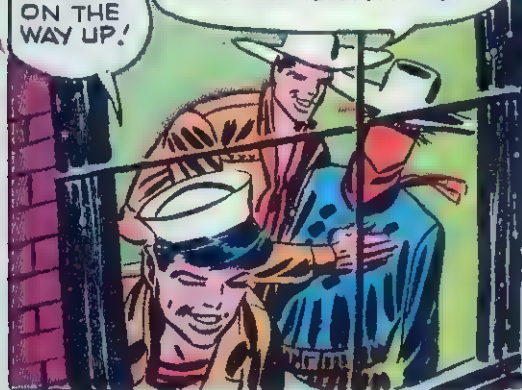
PRESENTLY...

GOT EVERYBODY EXCEPT TH' TROUBADOUR—AN' BY GOSH, THERE HE IS NOW, WITH VIG!



THEY ALL SPOTTED TH' VIG, P.T.—AN' THEY'RE ON THE WAY UP!

GOOD! NOW THEY WON'T BE SUSPICIOUS— AND YOU'LL STILL BE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS MY DUAL IDENTITY!

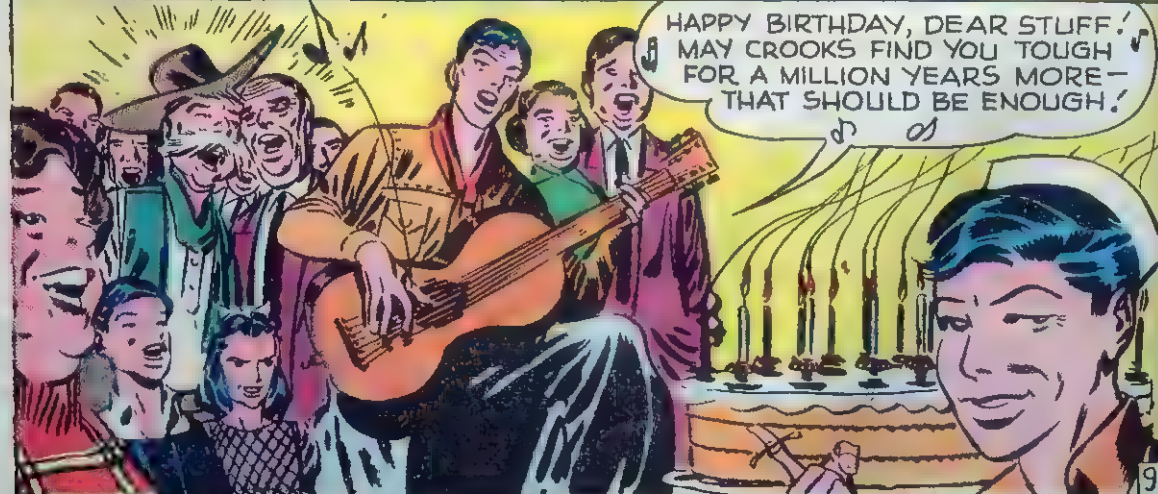


SO THE VIGILANTE FINALLY GOT HERE! BUT, WHERE DID HE GO?

OUT THE BACK DOOR, COMMISSIONER! GUESS HE DECIDED NO ONE WAS COMING! ANYWAY HE CONGRATULATED STUFF! AND NOW, AS WE STARTED TO SAY EARLIER—



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR STUFF! MAY CROOKS FIND YOU TOUGH FOR A MILLION YEARS MORE— THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!



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THE JITTERBUG

SAY, DAD
LET ME DO
IT!

WHY WASTE MONEY ON
OUTSIDE HELP? I'LL FIX
THAT LEAKY PIPE IN A
JIFFY!

HEY
POP!

DID YOU FIX
IT, JERRY?

NO! CALL THE
PLUMBER!

THE END

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THAT HAVE THE
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HYSTERICAL!

No. 2

TEN CENTS

LEAVE IT TO
Binky

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
TO
PEGGY

CANDY

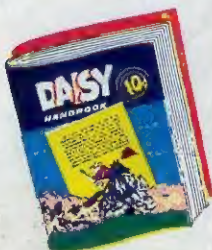
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WORK-- HE GETS
ALL TH' LAUGHS--

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